

19902

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

Copyrighted for 1881, by RICHARD K. FOX, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, William and Spruce Streets, New York City.

Vol. XXXVII.—No. 180.

{ RICHARD K. FOX,
William & Spruce Sts. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1881.

{ \$4.00 Per Year,
1.00 " Quarter. }

Price Ten Cents.



THE "OLD WOMAN" OF THE COMPANY.

A PERSON WHO LENDS RESPECTABILITY TO THE PROFESSION, AND TAKES THE YOUNG GIRLS UNDER HER WING—SCENE IN HER DRESSING-ROOM—MOTHERLY ADVICE.



RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

PUBLISHING OFFICE:

183 William Street, Corner of Spruce, New York.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, March 5, 1881.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Copy, one year \$4 00
One Copy, six months 2 00
One Copy, three months 1 00
Sample Copy sent on receipt of Ten Cents.
Postage free to all subscribers in the United States.
Subscriptions, communications and all business letters must be addressed to the Publisher, 183 William street, (P. O. box 40), New York City.
All letters containing money should be sent by registered letter or post office money order.

The Double Page Supplement of the GREAT HEENAN AND SAYERS CONTEST

Engraved from the original picture, will be sent securely wrapped, free by mail to all subscribers who will send \$4.00 for one year's subscription to the POLICE GAZETTE. The engraving is suitable for framing. No Saloon, Restaurant, or Sporting House should be without it. All orders must be addressed to

RICHARD K. FOX,
Publisher, 183 William Street,
New York.

OUR FALLACIOUS EXCISE LAWS.

The necessity of a good and just excise law is forcibly exemplified in our illustration this week. It is a true picture of every day—or night, rather—life in the adjoining City of Churches, where so much religion is preached but, we regret to state, unpracticed.

The scene presented is an actual occurrence, where a fair siren was seen to guide the footsteps of one of the rising generation to a "hotel" which brazenly proclaimed its right to such a title because it conformed in a literal, but not actual, sense with the requirements of a useless law.

Once inside the unholy precincts of the "hotel," the young man squanders his money in riotous dissipation, being ably assisted by his fair friend, who carefully caters to his every taste, and when thoroughly "bled" he is thrown into the streets in a beastly state of intoxication.

Once in the toils, the young man is a frequent "guest," and thus a career of vice and crime usually begins, ending generally in forgery, embezzlement or suicide.

We cannot agree with the startling announcement made recently by the divine who presides over the Tabernacle that Brooklyn is most exemplary city so far as morality is concerned. It might well be so considered if we take into consideration the number of churches, Sunday-schools, etc., it contains and the amount of good which they are supposed to exercise. But is it a fact? We confront the statement of Mr. Talmage with a pen-picture which is a true glimpse of the social evil of his city. It would be well for the distinguished cleric to make a pilgrimage of his own beloved city before he makes any more such statements, and investigate the matter thoroughly. He then would have material enough to arouse the sensational tendencies of his congregation and probably would aid materially in suppressing these sinks of iniquity.

The remedy, however, lies with the representatives of the people in the Legislature. Were they to demand for the two great cities a just excise law these dens would be wiped out of existence, which would be a benefit not alone to the people but to a class of citizens that are endeavoring to do a legitimate business and compelled at the same time to compete with unscrupulous individuals.

The law at present in operation, which was enacted in 1857, compels every place where liquor is sold to have sleeping accommodations for three persons. How many can really comply with the rigidity of such a law? Reformers and fanatics think that it is conducive to the public welfare, but to the minds of all right-thinking citizens it is a fallacious law, as it leaves an opening for evil-minded individuals

to carry out their nefarious designs under the guise of complying with the provisions of the law. Again we urge the necessity of a reform of these abuses, and thus save many of our young men from the inevitable results consequent upon a fall from the path of righteousness.

MASQUERADES AND THEIR EXCESSES.

During the winter season, when out-door pleasures are precluded, the city is flooded with glaring announcements calling the attention of the public to various modes of amusements. Not the least among these are the masquerade balls. These events furnish the widest scope for revelry and dissipation, and are consequently the most successful.

Originating in France, they spread as a contagion to corrupt the society of Germany and the United States. Here, owing to the great liberty of a republican form of government, masquerade balls flourished, and they became notorious for their indecency.

Their apparent immorality caused the enactment by the legislature of measures for their suppression, and the police were deputed power to give or deny permission for the holding of masked balls, at their discretion. But, we ask, has this discretionary power been properly used? We have annually a number of public masquerades which are attended by the frailty and sensual of this great metropolis and where scenes of excesses and indiscretions are loudly applauded. Why has this power in the hands of the police not been used this season, with the scenes of previous affairs in their minds? It seems as if invidious distinctions are made. Only recently permission was granted organizations, which are supposed to have some power, to hold their annual carnival of debauchery, while weaker ones were denied the privilege requested.

There ought to be some responsible power, that can be held to a strict accountability for official acts. It is not to be inferred that we discountenance masquerades, but we do public ones, where the only introduction necessary is the possession of a pastebord purchased at an extravagant sum. If it is essential to the public enjoyment that such affairs must take place, then let there be some license to the matter; let it be within the province of the Police Department to suppress any outburst of indecency and restrain the unnatural impulses of wineful brains, and make it responsible for any excesses that may occur.

CONSEQUENCES OF SNUFF-CHEWING.

The detestable habit of snuff-chewing is a rapidly increasing one among the females of our country, and is especially prevalent in the manufacturing towns. It is technically called "dipping," and its effects are multitudinous. It imparts to the breath an odor infinitely more obnoxious than that of tobacco. It discolors the teeth and gums to such an extent that no amount of labor can restore them to their original color. The effect on the system is serious, owing to the large percentage of nicotine which it contains. The expectoration consequent upon the use of snuff produces an appetite for alcoholic stimulants, and causes the downfall of many young girls. Once contracted, the habit of snuff-chewing clings with a tenacity which is rarely overcome. The consequent result is that the body becomes enfeebled, and consumption, that dread disease, finds a sure victim in a few years in the snuff-chewer.

MOB LAW IN TENNESSEE.

The disgraceful scene which occurred at Springfield, Tennessee, should meet with such a rebuke at the hands of the people of that State which will prevent a repetition of such acts, and be a warning to those who thus insult the laws which are made to mete out justice to every one.

The bold and outrageous action of a number of men entering a court of justice and taking therefrom five human beings on trial before a judge and jury for their lives, and without a moment's warning casting them into eternity, is awful to think of. This utter disregard of the law is to be deprecated, and we trust that the proper authorities will not rest till the perpetrators suffer for the wilful murder of these unfortunates and their insult to the laws of the State.

MAYNARD'S CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

The following letter received by Mr. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, explains itself:

"BOSTON, Mass., Feb 19, 1881.

"TO RICHARD K. FOX, PROPRIETOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE:—In answer to the challenge sent from San Francisco by Harry Maynard, in which he offers to use Pete Lawler and back him to fight men that he dare not meet himself, and proposes having them come to California and fight for \$500 a side, and if no one accepts Lawler will claim the lightweight championship. To win this match Lawler would have to make a better impression than when he was there last, and as far as going to San Francisco to fight for \$500 it looks as if Maynard was indulging in what he always was very good at—fighting in the newspapers at a distance, as it would cost a man all of \$500 to train and go there, besides every likelihood of no fight coming off. Now, if Lawler is anxious to fight, and will do what is fair for both parties, I will back Pete McCoy to fight him for \$1,000 a side, both parties to meet half way. I will also back Billy Madden to fight Harry Maynard for \$1,000 a side, under the same conditions. If they don't agree to this fair proposition, let them forever hold their peace. As an earnest of my good faith, I hereby enclose \$200 as a forfeit, which, if not covered within four weeks from date, I will withdraw. Respectfully,
JAMES KEENAN."

A COAL-HEAVER'S CRIME.

Betraying and then Deserting a Chicago Girl in Kansas City.

A young girl answering to the pretty name of Lillie Vail came tripping into Chief of Police Speer's private office a few days ago, and after completely captivating that gentleman related her story—the old, old one—and ended by declaring that Charlie Vail, the cause of all her trouble, should be arrested and placed behind the bars, where he could never again entangle any girl's affections as he had hers.

Lillie stated that she was from Chicago, where, about a year ago, she met Charles Vail, who was then engaged in the romantic occupation of driving two mules attached to a coal cart, the monotony being relieved once in a while by his changing off and driving one. At last she fell a victim to his wiles, and began living with him as his mistress. Last week he persuaded her to come to Kansas City, and the night of her arrival here Charles stole \$75 from her stock—vest pocket and left the city, taking with him her wardrobe. At last she was directed by some fiend to a noted house of prostitution on Fourth street, where the madame, after hearing her story, refused to receive her as a "boarder" but took her in and then sent to Chief Speer. The girl says Charlie has an uncle living in the southern portion of Kansas, and word has been sent to the county marshal there to be on the lookout for the Chicago coal heaver. In the meantime Lillie will be provided for.

ALMOST A DUEL OVER A BRIDE.

A well-planned duel, arranged to come off on the outskirts of the city of Atlanta, Ga., between two young bloods, Chas. Osborne of Marietta and Branhan Anderson of Covington, was spoiled by the arrest of Osborne and the flight of Anderson. Both of the young men were engaged to Miss Weaver, an accomplished young woman of Covington. Osborne was to be wedded one week ago, and the young woman had given Anderson her promise to become his wife on the day previous. Anderson called at the house at the appointed time, and he and Miss Weaver were made one. When the marriage of Anderson to Miss Weaver came to the knowledge of Osborne he made some reflections on the character of the bride. To these remarks Anderson took exception, and asked Osborne for a retraction. The failure of Osborne to retract, caused the groom and Osborne to agree to meet for the purpose of settling the difficulty with pistols. The police, getting wind of the intended duel, interfered in time to cause a suspension of hostilities. Matt Simonds, second, and Dr. Walter Dean, surgeon of Osborne, were arrested, with the principal, and are in the hands of the police.

SHOCKING DESTITUTION.

McCanley City, near Carbondale, Lackawanna county, Pa., has recently been greatly shocked by the revelation of a thrilling case of destitution. Mrs. George C. Kent and her four children reside in a small cabin at the foot of the Moosic Mountains; the mercury was 23 degrees below zero several days during the past two months. On the night of January 10, after using the better part of the household goods to keep a fire, the fuel gave out, and for five days they endured the severe weather with neither fire nor provisions, except a few raw potatoes and some corn meal. On the sixth day a neighbor chanced to visit the house and found the mother prostrated and the children dying. Their feet and hands frozen, and it was with difficulty he aroused them. The drifts were ten feet high at the door and the scene in the interior was heartrending. The story of the sufferings of the family spread like wildfire and their neighbors turned out in masses to relieve their condition.

SEASONING.

"WELL, wife, you can't say I ever contracted bad habits." "No, sir; you generally expanded them."

"WHY don't England sit down on Ireland?" asks an exchange. For the same reason a man with a boil don't care to sit down on it too carelessly.

"WHAT is your wife's particular little game?" asked a friend of a henpecked husband. "When she gets thoroughly mad," he answered, "it's draw poker."

AN exchange says that "Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie, the sculptress, is going to 'bust' her husband." She will not be the first woman who has "busted" her husband—by a large majority.

Two sulky lovers sat with averted heads for half an hour without speaking a word. At last he ventured to ask: "How do you like it, my dear?" "First rate," said she, "it keeps my back warm."

"WHAT have you been drinking or eating?" exclaimed his wife, as he returned late at night. "Liquor ish!" he responded, and then he winked at himself in the dark, and breathed thin till she got asleep.

THERE is a young lady so modest and sensitive that she covers the legs of the chairs in her bedroom. And another girl equals it by putting all her letters in a box at night to keep any mail from seeing her disrobe.

"HAVE you seen my daughter's new baby?" asked a proud grandmother. "Yes. It is a handsome baby, but how very little it is." "Oh, that's not surprising. The doctor who attended her was a homeopath."

SHE had caught him coming out of a sample room, and as he wiped his mustache he hoped that she was not offended. "Oh, no," she replied, "not at all, excepting that in that room there is a bar—a bar to matrimony, Henry." They now meet as strangers.

WHEN an old gentleman fell on the sidewalk they asked him: "Did you slip?" as they picked him up. "No," he growled; "I was trying to see if I could sit down on the coal-hole top hard enough to break it. I did it just for fun," and he glared savagely, while the spectators somehow felt foolish.

"MY dear boy, where do you get anything to eat?" asked an Old City benevolent gentleman recently of a little bootblack, who looked hungry and cold. "Now, see here," was the answer, "ain't you ashamed of yourself. A great big feller like you a wantin' to get part of my wittles. No, yer don't; yer jest get right along and beg for yerself."

THERE had been a dispute about the new lodger as to whether or not he was married, until one morning the party who occupied the next room to him came down early to breakfast and announced that he was undoubtedly a single man. "Why?" they all asked at once. "Because he came home drunk last night and took his boots off before going to bed."

"MY husband is a brute," declared Mme. A. to an intimate friend the other day. "Why, my dear, what's the matter now?" "He found fault with a little vivacity of mine, yesterday, and I threw a candlestick at his head; then what do you suppose he did?" "I don't know." "Why, he stood before the mirror, so that I couldn't throw the other." "The brute!"

"I BUY this piano," she said to the astonished dealer, "for the legs, sir—for the legs!" "But, ma'am, it's a very fine instrument!" "Sir, I hate music! My mother hates music! My husband hates music! Every fool has a piano nowadays, so I want one, too! The instrument is nothing to me, but I want the legs to be first-class!" The dealer was squelched.

AMONG the replies to an advertisement of a music committee for a candidate for organist, music teacher, etc., a vacancy having occurred by the resignation of the organist in office, was the following: "Gentlemen, I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for a number of years, I offer you my services."

A COUNTRY school teacher was addressing his class one morning on the importance of courage and hopefulness. "Be brave," he remarked, "never despair; always keep your eyes upward; always look aloft." At which stage of the exhortation he was interrupted by the peevish exclamation of a boy near the foot: "I can't do it and you can't expect it of me with this doggoned bile on the back of my neck."

INNOCENT young wife to husband who gets up for the fifth or sixth time to take a drink of ice water after a late return home: "Why, Charley, what have you been doing this evening?" Truthful husband: "I've been playing billiards." The next day she overheard the husband of the woman next door complaining that the mackerel made him thirsty. "Ah, poor man," she sighed, "I wonder how he would feel if he had been playing billiards!"

A YOUNG batchelor sheriff was called to serve an attachment against a beautiful young widow. He accordingly called upon her and said: "Madam, I have an attachment for you." The widow blushed, and said his attachment was reciprocated. "You don't understand me; you must proceed to court." "I know it is leap year, sir, but I prefer you to do the courting." "Mrs. P., this is no time for trifling, the justice is waiting." "The justice is? Why, I prefer a parson."

WHILE a Chicago girl was leaning over the railing of the veranda one night singing, "I'm Waiting, My Darling, for Thee," her long-legged lover sneaked out of the shrubbery. "Birdie!" "Amanda!" They embraced. "Have you missed me?" she murmured. "Missed you, my angel?—does the lonely dove miss?" "But there came a dull, hollow thud, as if some one had hit an old stump with a maul, and he shot out in the darkness, while a voice as deep as a bass horn said: "Birdie has gone, Amanda, and you can turn the gas out in the parlor and go to bed."

SCHOOLMASTER: Noah had three sons—Shem, Ham and Japhet; now answer me, who was the father of these gentlemen? (Boys silent.) "You cannot tell? Well, now, let's try again. You know Mr. Sparkes, who lives over the way?"

Boys: "Will Sparkes?" Master: "Yes, surely. Well, then, Mr. Sparkes has got three boys—Tommy, John and Bill. Now who is the father of those boys? You know them very well."

Boys: "Mr. Sparkes." Master: "Very good—very good, boys, indeed; that is quite right. Now then, Noah had three sons—Shem, Ham and Japhet. Who—"

Boys (in a hurry): "Mr. Sparkes."

THE TOMBS.

Its History, Romances and Mysteries.

Life and Death in New York's Famous Jail.

CHAPTER XIX.

JOHN CANTER, FORGER AND COUNTERFEITER.

Is fifty years of age, thirty of which he has spent in prison! He is an expert counterfeiter and a most expert penman, nothing that was at all possible with pen and ink being beyond his capacity. He could produce a *fac simile* of the most difficult signature at the first trial by seeing it once written.

He had been sentenced to fifteen years at hard labor in State Prison, but his proficiency as a penman and his knowledge of book-keeping procured for him a position in the office of the prison. It was but a short time after his discharge from prison that he was arrested with another man in committing a burglary. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in Sing Sing. He served two years of his term, however, when his counsel, the late Judge Stewart, succeeded in getting him out. He then married. Not a great while thereafter he was arrested at his home—there being found in his possession quite an assortment of counterfeiters' tools, and dies, and plates of fractional currency. He was locked up in the City Prison (Tombs), where he remained for some time, but was finally discharged.

While in the Tombs he executed, with pen and ink, a *fac simile* of an engraving representing the Collect Pond, and drawings of an experimental steamboat, the invention of Mr. Fitch, which sailed thereon and which was the first attempt at steam navigation in this country.

After his discharge from the Tombs he contrived to find his way back to State Prison, where, as usual, he was assigned to work at the desk in the office. He was detected in altering the time of some of the prisoners—changing nine years to seven years, five to three, etc., thus virtually giving them two years of their time, for which he was of course paid—and remanded to the prison, his services being no longer required in that capacity.

Canter is a native of this country, small of stature, and of about 110 pounds weight. His career has been a constant succession of crimes, arrests and imprisonments, only to be repeated upon his release. He is in every sense one of the most dangerous and incorrigible criminals in the country.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MCFARLAND-RICHARDSON TRAGEDY.

Daniel McFarland was born in Ireland and at an early age came to this country. When he was but 8 years of age his mother died. When he was but 12 years of age his father died; and he was left to fight his way through the world as well as he could. He became a mechanic, and during many years he worked as a harness-maker. But he thirsted for knowledge, and managed to save enough to enable him to go to college.

After he had finished his studies at Dartmouth he went to Europe, and when he returned was admitted to the Massachusetts bar.

In 1852, while passing through Manchester, New Hampshire, he casually became acquainted with a poor but clever and talented factory girl of 15, named Abbey Sage. She was the daughter of a weaver. Five years later he married her. For years they lived happily enough and children were born to them.

But Mr. McFarland fell into dissipated habits and led the life of a speculator on the chances of the metropolis. He neglected his wife and in his drunken frenzies ill-treated her. She lived a wretched existence, clouded by poverty and menaced by the constant dread of his brutality.

In the year 1833 Albert D. Richardson was born. He became a literary man, and in the time of the war as a correspondent of the *Tribune* he was taken prisoner by the enemy. He remained a prisoner some considerable time. He finally escaped and published several very able works. He was a man of very fine mind and well calculated by his fascination to charm any woman.

In her period of deepest distress Mrs. McFarland met Richardson. She was in want of a friend who could advise her, and confided in him. Their intimacy from a Platonic grew to be a passionate one. There may have been no crime between them, but they certainly loved one another. Richardson interested himself in his friend's life, sold her stories for her, and finally succeeded in securing an engagement for her at the Winter Garden Theatre, and she made her debut as "Nerissa" in the "Merchant of Venice." She afterwards played in other parts. Richardson used to go for her at night to the theatre and get her.

Finally Richardson became an inmate of the same lodging-house with the McFarlands, in

Amity street. There the connection between the two became an openly suspicious one.

This of course led to trouble between husband and wife, until on the 21st of February, 1867, Mrs. McFarland left her lodgings and went to live elsewhere. Two years of mutual troubles followed. McFarland lost no opportunity of persecuting his wife. She applied for a divorce and continued on intimate terms with Richardson.

Finally a servant at Mrs. McFarland's house informed McFarland, whose life was now a protracted spree, that she had discovered Richardson and his wife in relations of the most shameful character. This, added to the discovery of some excessively amorous correspondence, was not calculated to decrease the abandoned drunkard's vengeful ire. The murder which had been burning in his sodden brain took shape.

On the afternoon of the 25th of November, 1869, McFarland, then occupying the position of Assistant Assessor in the city of New York, walked into the counting-room of the *New York Tribune*, at the corner of Spruce and Nassau streets. It was fifteen minutes past 5 o'clock. Walking to the end of the counter, he passed behind it and took a seat upon a stool there. Several of the attaches of the office were at work all about, none of them apprehensive of trouble. McFarland was frequently in the habit of dropping in in this way and making himself at home.

About 10 minutes after McFarland entered Richardson came in by the Spruce street door. He went straight across the office to the desk at the other end of the counter and inquired for his letters. On the instant McFarland rose, pistol in hand, and fired at Richardson. The latter turned just in time to recognize his assassin, and then staggered up against the counter from the effects of the shot. McFarland ran around the counter and disappeared.

Richardson walked out of the door, up the stairs to the editorial rooms on the fourth floor, and lay down upon a lounge. Dr. Swan, of the Astor House, was sent for. He probed for the ball and then directed that the wounded man be taken to the hotel. It was done, Richardson being taken to the Astor House upon a litter. He was placed in room No. 115.

McFarland was arrested at 10 o'clock that evening in room No. 31, Westmoreland Hotel, corner Seventeenth street and Fourth Avenue. When told of the shooting he displayed great agitation, denied it, and then said, "It must have been me." Captain Anthony J. Allaire who arrested him, took him to the Astor House and asked Richardson if this was the man who shot him. Richardson looked at him a second and then said, "That is the man."

Upon this identification McFarland was committed for trial.

Previous to this Mrs. McFarland had secured a divorce in an Indiana court. Richardson wanted to marry her and so legalize their already consummated union. On November 30, 1869, five days after the shooting, the ceremony took place. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and the Rev. O. B. Frothingham together tied the nuptial knot in the chapel room at the Astor House. Horace Greeley and some of Mrs. McFarland's lady friends were the witnesses.

On the night of Dec. 2, 1869, Albert D. Richardson breathed his last. Beside his deathbed stood Col. Thomas H. Knox, the well known author, Junius Henri Browne, the journalist, Mrs. Sage, his mother-in-law, and Doctors Carter and Swan.

Mr. McFarland's trial began on April 4, 1870, before Recorder Hackett. District Attorney Garvin, Assistant District Attorney Fellows, and private counsel Judge Noah Davis represented the commonwealth. John Graham, Charles Spencer and Elbridge T. Gerry appeared for McFarland.

The defence was a masterly one. A cloud of witnesses were examined for it, among them men and women of prominence in the social and literary world. Horace Greeley, founder of the *Tribune*; Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, author of the "Hasheesh Eater," and since dead at Geneva; Junius Henri Browne, magazineist; A. J. Cummings, of the *Sun*; Lucia Gilbert Calhoun Runkle; Whillelaw Reid, of the *Tribune*; William Stuart, formerly manager of the Winter Garden Theatre; F. B. Carpenter, the artist; Samuel Sinclair, then publisher of the *Tribune*; Oliver Johnston, journalist, of the *Christian Union*, figured in the case.

The theory of emotional insanity was set up and sustained. The jury spent two hours less 5 minutes in cogitating and returned a verdict of not guilty. Consequently Daniel McFarland became a free man.

Little is known of his movements since. When last heard of he was in Chicago. His quondam wife now figures as a prominent feature in the amusement world under the name of Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE insanity plea is a most damnable fraud, and it should become abhorrent to all law-abiding Kentuckians. It is time to put an end to travesties of justice; to demand that there shall be no excuse for any Kentuckians to take the law in their own hands; to demand that "regulators" shall be among the agencies of the past; to demand that the practice of carrying concealed weapons shall cease; that criminals shall not be turned loose upon the state from the penitentiary; that murderers, whatever be their social position, shall be punished in accordance with the facts.—*Courier-Journal*.

JAMES VERNON'S VENOM.

Deserting his Wife in Tennessee, He finds Her Married Five Years Later in Indiana—Singular Story of his Disappearance.

There has been developed in Kokomo, Indiana, a romance in real life that is invested with all the thrilling details necessary for the ground-work of a sensational "yellow-back."

To begin at the beginning it is necessary for your correspondent to give a little ante-date history, as gathered in interviews with the chief actors themselves the other morning.

On the 26th day of July, 1874, in Campbell county, Tennessee, Miss Mary E. Siler—a light-haired, innocent, comely, farmer girl, of 18 summers—was married to James Vernon, an adventurer from Virginia, then in the employ of the United States Secret Service to ferret out "Moonshiners" in Tennessee.

The mated pair lived happily together until January, 1875, when the young husband left home on a detective raid, since which time he was never again seen or heard of by his wife until yesterday, when he suddenly appeared in this city in quest of her.

Mr. Vernon claims that he was shot and knifed almost to death on the first night after he left home, six years ago, by some "Moonshiners" whom his posse was attempting to capture; that he was carried in an unconscious condition to Knoxville, Tenn., where he laid up for six weeks, when, not being able to hear from his wife, he was conveyed to his parents' home at Lynchburg, Va.; that he remained there for four years before he recovered sufficiently to do a day's work; that from that day to this he has been hunting for his wife; that he had traced her from Campbell county, Tenn., where he left her on that memorable night in January, 1875, to her relatives in Arkansas.

At the latter place he was told that she had gone to Kokomo, Ind., whither he traced his steps.

Diligent inquiry soon assured him of his wife's presence here, but with this knowledge came the crushing information that she was the wife of another, having married William Horton in this city on the 11th day of last May and having given her first husband up as lost forever.

Unlike the hero of Tennyson's immortal story of "Enoch Arden," husband No. 1 did not nurse his woes like a worm in the bud, bless the happy couple and leave them to enjoy their innocent marital bliss unmolested, but at once proceeded, like a starved tiger, to heartlessly and ferociously insist on his rights.

He called at the home of his former wife, unannounced and like one risen from the dead. The meeting was tearful on her part, but furious on Vernon's part. He gave her the cruel alternative of either renouncing her second marriage vows and going with him, or suffer the disgrace and public notoriety of being prosecuted in the courts for bigamy.

Her woman's unerring instinct guided her safely and aright in the trying ordeal. She no longer saw in Vernon the true and affectionate husband of her early wifehood, but a man who had cruelly deserted her six years ago without cause, and whom she had given up as dead or worse to her.

She hesitated but a moment, and then gave her answer in a manner that required no repetition to be understood. The irate husband No. 1 one morning filed his complaint, charging Mrs. Horton with bigamy, and there the matter rests.

Vernon had one child by the woman, but husband No. 2 has not been similarly blessed. Horton is a mechanic, quiet, sober and industrious. He works in the machine shops and is well liked by all who know him.

Mrs. H., the contested wife, is a rather good-looking woman of medium size, and has always borne a good character. For several years she worked at the Central House, this city.

Vernon is a tough-looking customer, and the general belief is that he is persecuting the woman unjustly. Public indignation runs high against him, and much interest is felt in the approaching legal test of conjugal possession.

THE FASCINATIONS OF DRAW POKER.

Showman Murray's Ill-luck in a "Business" Game—Would Like to Play for the "Gates of Hell."

Since the ice blockade at Cincinnati, Columbus has enjoyed the presence of several of the prominent sports from Hometown. The emigrants, however, have all played a square game and are flush with money, and there is no objection to their presence except from a few jealous local gamblers.

The sensation of the town just now in sporting circles is the hard luck of a showman, named Murray. The owner of this illustrious name travelled last summer with Sell's circus, and when this show season closed he came to Columbus with the show, which winters here. Murray toiled not, neither did he spin, and yet the late Mr. Solomon, of Jerusalem, in all his glory, was not arrayed like Murray. The showman was gorgeous in good clothes, and wore more jewelry than Mike Lipman, or any other pawnbroker.

Among other garments he carried a roll of greenbacks as large as an elephant's leg!

It so happened that an imported saloon-keeper from Chicago named Kelley is running a business man's poker game on the same floor with the offices of a number of respectable and pious lawyers. This poker game is known in Central Ohio as the "Iron-clad," because there are three well known business men running the game, who never come in on less than three or a full hand. Old Wheeler, of the Niel House, before he died, said he would like to stake these three to play the devil for the gates of hell.

A Chicago merchant named George Blake, who stands in with Kelley, introduced Murray to the game. Murray felt highly honored that he was permitted to play poker with some of the best citizens of Columbus.

The game was as square as a block of marble, but Murray played in bad luck. He kept coming in on an ace and a king, and a pair of aces were as big as a mountain to him, but the business man only played count-cards, and the percent. was slightly against Murray. The showman's roll began to look sick, and day by day it dwindled until it grew as small as a knitting needle.

Hard luck still pursued him but he hung to the game, and the business went hungry to get to the game and Murray. A night or two since Murray struck a blizzard, and got three aces beaten so often that when he got through Stony Jessington, a well known hardware merchant, had all the showman's jewels, watch-chain and diamonds. Murray would have played on, but the business men wouldn't take his clothes, so he anted his ring and quit.

This business game is the same one that fleeced young Faxon, the nephew of Ben Smith, the banker. Had not a well known gambler assumed the pressure, the case would have come to trial and all these parties would have been exposed.

"LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM."

A Widow of Sixty-Four Sues a Widower of Sixty-Eight for Breach of Marriage Contract—Damaged Affections Amounting to \$5,000.

James Stoops is a veteran merchant of the unusually staid and quiet village of Putnamville, Ind., and is, or was, happy in the possession of a second wife until another of Eve's daughters invaded his domestic Eden and sought to rob him of both his joys and his ducats.

Stoops lacks but two years of having reached the Psalmist's limit of manly life. Despite this fact he is called upon by a widow of sixty-four years to make reparation for her damaged affections. The plaintiff, Elizabeth Haney, alleges breach of marriage contract, and sues for \$5,000 damages.

It seems that the veteran wooer, while alternately handling his yard-stick and paying court to the fair Elizabeth, had two strings to his bow, and, tiring of the latter's charms, he went off and married another woman. This was the unkindest cut of all, and more than poor human nature, especially feminine nature, could stand.

The defendant proposes to fight the suit to the bitter end. As regards the merits of it, he admits having proposed or talked matrimony to the plaintiff, but it was always coupled with a condition or saving clause. Elizabeth insists that the "conditions" should have applied with equal force and effect in the case of the woman whom he married, and objects to making "flesh of one and fish of the other." The case bids fair to be something more than a nine days' wonder in the community.

THE DEAR BABE.

A Firebrand in a Happy Family—A Blue Grass Social Scandal.

Within the last few days there has suddenly been developed a first-class scandal in the vicinity of Millersburg, Kentucky, in which are implicated a gentleman and lady of wealth and high standing in the Blue Grass region.

It seems that a prominent farmer near here has been dealing quite extensively for some time past in the Cincinnati wheat and pork markets, and on this account has been visiting the city quite often of late. During one of these business trips a letter post-marked Cincinnati came addressed to the absentee and fell into the hands of his better half, who, to satisfy a pretty woman's curiosity for once, opened and read her husband's mail.

The letter contained an invitation to come immediately and provide for the "dear babe."

The unfortunate husband upon his return found his domestic peace wonderfully disturbed, and a regular row ensued, which led to a speedy separation.

Relatives and friends have since interfered, and are now endeavoring to reunite the unhappy couple and save the family as much disgrace as possible. The family is one of the highest and most respectable in the county, and the case has created much surprise and gossip.

Up to this time nothing has been effected, the wife still insisting that for the credit of her own character and social standing, as well as that of her bright little girls, she is entitled to a divorce and intends to have it.

OUTRAGEOUS PUNISHMENT OF A CHILD.

Chained Day and Night For the Crimes of a Servant—Unparalleled Parental Stupidity.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A story was related a few days ago in the Harlem, N. Y., police court, which is unparalleled in the history of crime. It is as follows:

Mary Dooley is a good-looking Irish girl, 20 years of age, and employed as a domestic in the family of Charles E. Crawford, of Morris ave. and 161st street, a clerk in a tobacco warehouse at 168 Water street. Mary had references which testified to her good character. Her parents lived at the corner of 158th street and Elton ave., and have the reputation of being quiet, respectable people. Mr. Crawford's family consists of himself and wife and one child, an intelligent girl, Annie Louise, about 10 years old. Shortly after Mary Dooley went to the house several articles of small value disappeared unaccountably. Next a pair of ear-rings belonging to Mrs. Crawford were missed, and a pair of Mrs. Crawford's cuff buttons and some money disappeared. Mr. Crawford inquired of the servant and his daughter, but neither of them admitted of knowing anything about the articles. Later in the day the servant came to Mr. Crawford with one of the missing buttons and asked innocently:

"Isn't this one of your buttons?"

Soon after she pretended to find the other on a shelf in the pantry, and that was returned also. Search about the house revealed the missing pocketbook, containing \$1.50, wrapped up in some of the little girl's doll's clothes.



frighten the trembling child into a promise to stop her thefts, and she promised. The robberies did not cease, however, and on January 18 a fire was discovered in the laundry, and was only extinguished after much labor. It was found that kerosene had been poured on the laundried clothes in the basket before they were set on fire. Again the little child was thought guilty, and she was chained by a dog chain to a staple in the wall in the daytime. At night the chain was fastened to her bed. When the child was thus confined nothing was stolen.

Early in this month a lady called on Mrs. Crawford, and, on entering the house, laid off her cloak, muff, and bonnet. When about to depart her property was not to be found. The front door was open, and so was a window opening upon the balcony roof. It was thought perhaps a thief had entered by the door or window, but Detective Jacob Wilkins, who was called in, concluded that someone in the house had taken the articles. He found them concealed in the garret. Although the child had gone about the house with her arms bound, she was charged with the act, and she again confessed under fear of punishment. Soon after a case of razors disappeared. A day or two later, the servant said she found one of the razors, and that it had fallen from a slit in the footstool, as she moved it while sweeping. No slit was found in the stool. The servant was then suspected. One evening she came into the house carrying a fine pair of slippers in a box. It was known she could not afford to buy them, but she said they had been given her by a friend. Then the news came to Mrs. Crawford that her servant had stolen from her former mistress. In the servant's absence Mr.



CHAINED LIKE A DOG.

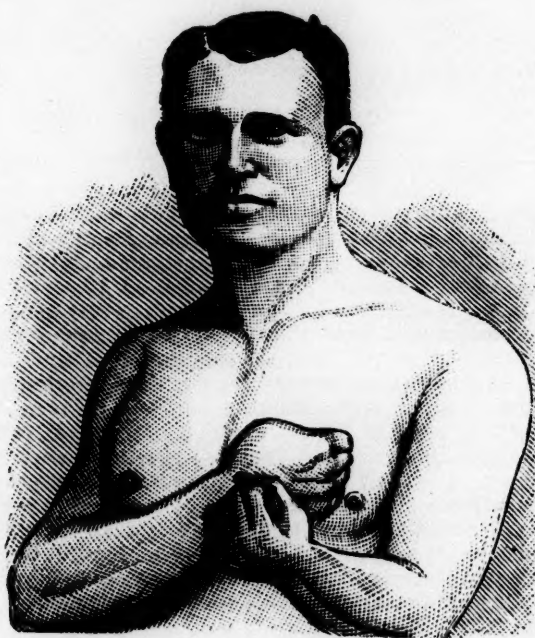
OUTRAGEOUS PUNISHMENT OF A CHILD; NEW YORK CITY.

The ear-rings were found in the box containing the doll's things. Mr. Crawford then accused Annie of the various thefts. Annie denied having taken the articles, and then she was severely punished for the supposed telling of an untruth. When other things disappeared from the house the little girl was accused by her parents, and at first denied the theft. Then, partly through fear of punishment, and, as is now thought, partly by the influence of the servant, with whom she slept, she admitted having stolen all the things that had been taken. She also said that she had destroyed those things which had not been found. It was conjectured that the child was of unsound mind, although it does not appear that before Mary Dooley came she had shown any signs of such an affliction. A doctor who was consulted decided that the child was probably insane on the subject of stealing. After this she was carefully watched, but still the thefts continued.

On New Year's Day, while several ladies were in the house, it was discovered that the bed clothing in Mr. Crawford's room was burning. Of several fur muffs, capes, and bonnets, which had been laid on the bed one of each was gone and the others were damaged by the flames. The little girl was charged with setting fire to the bed. In her fear she admitted having done it. Her father then, fearing she might destroy the house and all in it, strapped her hands to her sides, and took her to the police station at 159th street to ask Capt. Killeen's advice. The captain asked, about the servant girl before speaking of Mr. Crawford's child in connection with the thefts, but Mr. Crawford scouted the idea of the servant girl being the guilty party. An attempt was then made to

MARRIED ON THE ICE.

STRANGE AND COOL PROCEEDINGS AT PORT HURON, MICH.



PADDY RYAN,

THE CHAMPION HEAVY WEIGHT PUGILIST OF AMERICA.



IN BED WITH HYDROPHOBIA.

A HORRIBLE REALIZATION OF A DREAM—QUEER BED FELLOW.

Crawford forced the door of a closet in her room. There he found in a pillow case many of the stolen things. Detective Wilkins was summoned, and he arrested the girl on her return on Sunday evening. She was cool at first, but soon broke down and confessed to the various thefts and the two attempts to burn the house. She said that some of the jewelry was at her father's house, and it was found there. After being lodged in the police station she seemed cool and unconcerned and would not talk much.

ROMANTIC LOVERS.

Creating a Sensation by a Matrimonial Venture on the Ice.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Harry Osborne and Lizzie Anderson are lovers no more, they having been tied the other day under novel circumstances. Both are natives and former residents of New Orleans, La., but have for several months been residing at London, Ontario.

It so happened that the birthday of Lizzie and Harry came upon the same day. They had previously decided to be married on that day, and the happy idea occurred to them to make the event still more romantic. And so with relatives and friends Elizabeth came on to Sarnia Monday afternoon and was met at the depot by Harry and Justice McKay of Port Huron, Mich.

The gay party proceeded out on the ice until they were about two-thirds of the distance across the river, so as to be sure that they were in "The States," when with due solemnity,



SOMNAMBULIST'S FREAK.

SAD END OF A PRETTY YOUNG VARIETY ACTRESS.

while all were standing on the ice, the dignified magistrate proceeded with the ceremony, which, at its conclusion, made the happy couple one.

Then congratulations and the like followed, when the party disbanded, Harry going back to Canada richer by a wife, and Squire McKay going back to the city \$10 ahead.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Husband.

[With Portraits.]

The marriage of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Mr. William L. Ashmead Bartlett has at last taken place. The Baroness is the wealthiest lady in England, and Mr. Ashmead Bartlett an American citizen. The Baroness is at present in her sixty-seventh year, and Mr. Ashmead Bartlett is thirty-four.

When the Baroness came into her fortune, in 1837, she received the enormous legacy of £20,000,000. The fortune was left to the Baroness "until she shall marry or die, which shall first happen," for her separate use, with her interest in the bank "to such one son" of the said Angela "in event of his attaining or having attained the age of twenty-one years, but not otherwise," and if there should be no son, then in succession to Johanna Frances and Clara Maria, other granddaughters of Thomas Coutts and offspring of Sir Francis and Lady Burdett, and in default of either of



BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

WM. A. BARTLETT BURDETT-COUTTS,

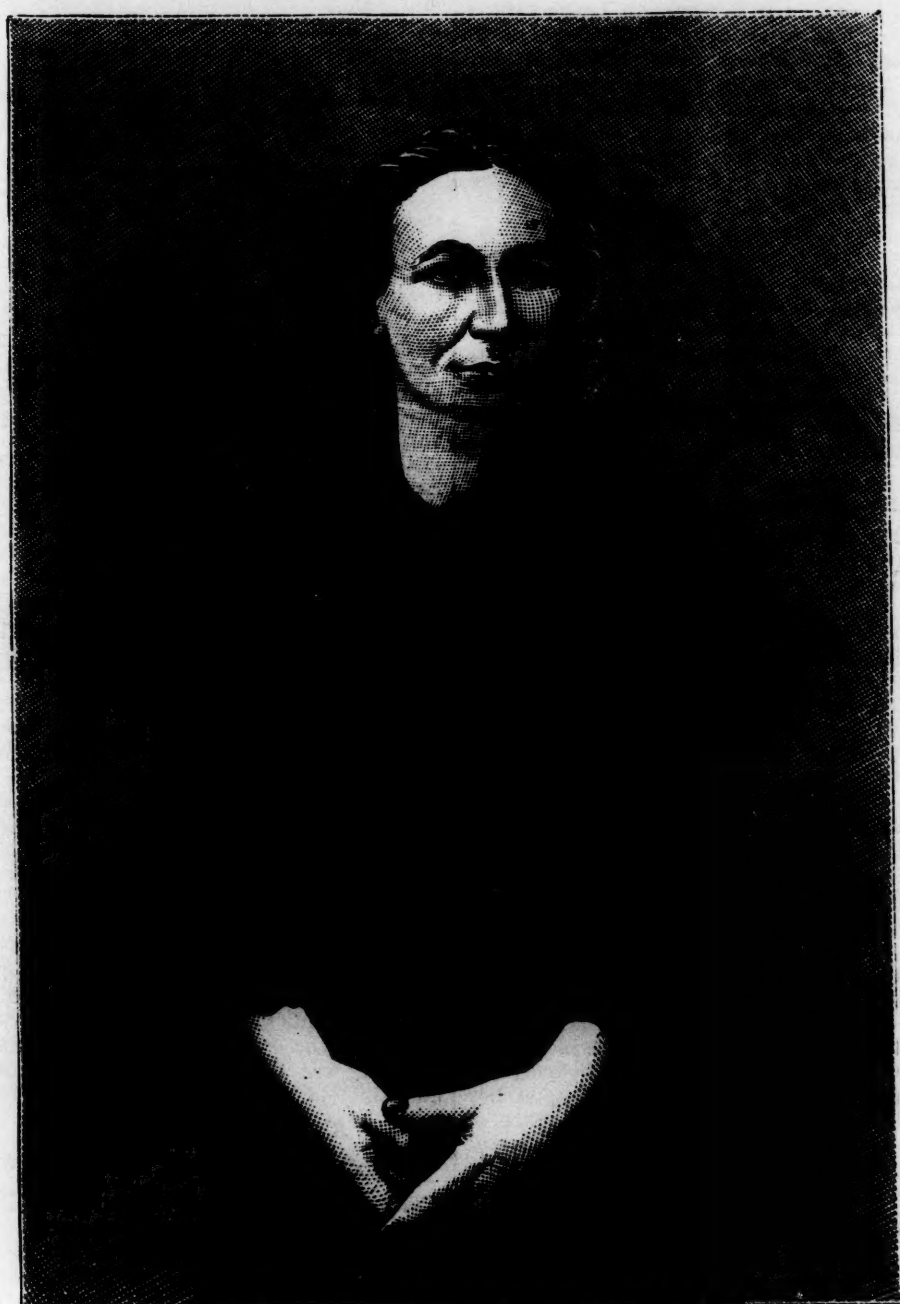
THE YOUNG AMERICAN WHO MARRIED HIS GRANDMOTHER.

known, and she is famous as being one of the greatest philanthropists of the day. She has aided the Church of England missions all over the world. For these and other numerous charitable services to her country the title of Baroness was conferred upon her in 1871 by Queen Victoria.

In appearance the baroness is tall and slight, and she possesses the kindest of expressions. Her every look betokens that charity has been the keynote of her whole life.

Mr. William Ashmead Bartlett is the son of the late Mr. Ellis Bartlett, a merchant of Philadelphia; his mother being a Miss Ashmead. When he was about twelve years of age he was taken to England with his brother Ellis to be educated. Mr. Ellis Ashmead Bartlett is member of Parliament for Rye. William Ashmead Bartlett was educated at Eppingham School, England, and Keble College, Oxford.

Mr. Bartlett is a fine-built, muscular man, with a profusion of brown hair and a ruddy complexion, and might be taken for a native of the country where he has been naturalized. He is a good cricketer and a powerful athlete. Having left the University, he made his home with the Baroness, acting as her private secretary. He was sent out by her as her agent for distributing her Turkish Compassion Fund. As her almoner he has distributed money for her only recently in Ireland.



LOUISE MICHEL.

THE CELEBRATED FRENCH COMMUNIST.



MISS SARA JEWETT.

THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS, NOW PERFORMING AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, N. Y.

these leaving an heir of her body to two godsons of Mr. Coutts. However, in case any of the inheritors shall intermarry with any person being by birth an alien, and whether such person shall or shall not have obtained letters of denization, or have been naturalized, then the shares in the banking business are to pass to the person or persons for the time-being next or entitled in remainder or expectancy. Mr. Bartlett being "by birth an alien," it follows that the Baroness must give up her interest in the bank, which is worth \$150,000 a year.

That the baroness has spent annually a large portion of her income for charitable purposes is well



DEAD-DRUNK.

A MOCK FUNERAL HELD OVER A DRUNKEN TRAMP—LOTS OF FUN AT ERIE, COL.

A Death-Bed Confession.

John Davis died a few days ago on Mr. Andy Hafner's place on Turkey Creek, Chester Co., Pa., and on his death-bed confessed to his spiritual adviser that he had committed murder several years ago in Orange county, North Carolina. He gave his right name as Jackson Taylor, and said he murdered a colored man by the name of Jack Mauney, jealousy about a woman actuating him to the crime. He worked a while with Mr. J. A. Saunders at his saw mill in that county, and has been there a couple of years.

Nothing has yet been learned as to the truth or falsity of his story.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The "Old Woman" of the Company.

The old woman is the mother of the theatre. She has grown grey in the drama, and looks back over a life which began in the ballet, and culminated in the courted eminence of a juvenile lady, to decline with years into the sober jog-trot of her present line of business. She can remember how it almost broke her heart when she could no longer disguise her wrinkles from herself, and how she cried on the night she went on for the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet." It was her first old woman, and she played it at the commencement of a new season. All the while she was pottering about with the crutch-stick she had not learned to hold yet, seeing her fellow-players indistinctly through a thin mist of tears, she heard a strange war in her ears and knew it was the memory of the applause that had greeted her last night last season—her last young part when she had played Juliet herself. But she has outlived these regrets now. She has grown pursy and a trifle red in the face. She gets a good deal of comfort out of life—some of it doubtless out of a pocket-flask built on the same liberal proportions as herself, which she brings with her every evening. She calls it her "drops." If I was asked under oath to give it a name, it would be gin.

The old woman of the stage, like the old woman off of it, is fond of young people. She shares her dressing-room with one of the youngest members of the company, whom it is her great delight to give points in making up and aid in perfecting the details of her costume. This youthful companion she stuffs full of stories of her own glorious past, some of them being of the sort that cause the young woman to blush and laugh as if she would like to but dared not.

A favorite delusion with the old woman is that the male members of the company are all admirers of hers. She does not hesitate even to speak of the walking gentleman as the victim of a passion for her which she, alas, cannot reciprocate.

"It's always the way," she says. "They like to hang around those fresh little chits and flatter them, but mature wit and the style of a woman of the middle age always make the most serious impression."

The old woman and the prompter are deadly enemies. Each regards the other as a fossil and makes no effort to conceal his or her opinion. The fact is they know too much about each other. The old woman is well aware that the prompter never managed a company of his own, and the prompter is equally conversant with the fact that she never played those immense engagements she speaks of. They make these revelations about one another whenever they get hold of anyone to make them to. The stories, of course, travel, and in consequence there is trouble now and then in the prompt-entrance.

The old woman always has a daughter in the profession, a daughter of whom she is proud and about whose age she lies prodigiously. When she and a couple of other old women come together over their "drops" they always compare daughters and invariably end in a row over their respective ages and merits.

The old woman has numerous peculiarities which are the dread of the people about the theatre. She has her special chair in the green-room and quarrels with any one who usurps it. She insists on having a stool or a carpenter's horse to sit on in the entrance till her cue comes, and always manages to plant herself in the way of some one who has to go on before her. She insists on having her "properties" correct to a hair, and woe betide the property man if he ever makes a mistake with her. At rehearsal, if the piece is an old one, she insists on instructing every one in the business as it used to be in her time, and argues every point with the stage manager when he wants her to speak a line or make an exit in a certain way she is not used to. The worst thing about her is that she is very punctilious, and if he happens to say anything to her in a sharp or peremptory way she transfixes him with a stony stare and says: "Sir, are you addressing me?" Nevertheless she can use plain, vigorous English when she wants to after a fashion and with a fluency that discounts even the proficiency of the stage carpenters. The very call boy fears her. Her dressing-room is never troubled by him. He would rather be discharged than have the old woman fall foul of him.

Only once in my life have I seen a call boy in tears. He was squatting on a set piece at Niblo's weeping bitterly, and as soon as my amazement permitted me to speak I asked him what was the matter.

"Only just took a nip out of Missis Buster's bottle," he sobbed, "and she went for me."

In private life the old woman is a most dignified lady, with a taste for richness in attire and an oppressively polite manner. She always has a number of admirers, church members, to whom she is a source of perpetual admiration. They listen to her tall stories and swallow the toughest of them, and invite her to evening teas and church sociables where she is made much of. When she gets through she goes home and tackles her bottle of drops to console her for her penance.

She keeps it up, however, on the ground that

although it is awfully slow it is eminently respectable, and the old woman is nothing if not respectable.

She carries it so far that she has always an intimate male friend who calls on her, attends to her business off the stage, religiously buys a ticket once a week on purpose to see her play. He is generally a broken down gentleman with a little money to live on, who considers her "a fine woman, sir; a lady, by gad, sir; and such an intellect!"

I forgot to say that the old woman usually has a husband, too. He is invariably the first old man of the company. But I shall, in justice to him, have to give him a column to himself.

Louise Michel, the Communist.

Louise Michel was born half a century since in an humble home in the department of the Marne, France. Her mother was a farm-yard maid at the chateau of a notable family, and Louise, when a child, was the pet and the plaything of the ladies of the chateau. She received a good education, and being frequently at the chateau, she acquired a cultivated mind and a few accomplishments. She excelled in gardening, and became learned in all the simple lore of country life. Her intelligence so impressed the son of the owner of the chateau that during his vacations he amused himself by teaching the little Louise to write rhymes and French composition. Her rhymes, it is said, were excellent, and she has never lost the art of versifying; but of late years the effusions of her lyre have been veritable poems of a petroleuse—sanguinary invocations of social revolution. Not in that strain did she write when as a simple peasant girl she first assayed to express herself in prose and verse; nor could any one have dreamed that the intelligent little damsel with the well-kept flower-bed and attractive manners would ever develop into the Menad whose passionate diatribes stir the blood of the fierce democracy of Belleville and Montmartre. It is said that she was peculiarly distinguished for her proficiency in religious knowledge, and she took the best position in the catechism class. How or when she became dissatisfied with her tranquil provincial life is not stated; but one fine day an uncontrollable desire to leave the dull shade of the silent chateau took possession of the young lady, then apparently in her teens, and, packing her wardrobe in a parcel, she started for Paris. On arriving at the capital she was befriended by the family at whose house she had been reared, and they secured for her a situation as assistant mistress in a school at Montmartre. There she taught many years, retaining her position, in fact, until the communal rising in 1871. Of her life during all these years there is no record.

A woman of marvellous will and extraordinary strength of character, with intense sympathies and a spirit that flamed with unquenchable indignation against all the oppression and injustice and hypocrisy of this evil world, she appears to have rid herself of the last vestige of the faith in which she was reared and to have embraced in its stead with all the passionate ardor of her nature the gospel of the social revolution. Hence, when the Commune revolted against Versailles, Louise Michel hailed the insurrection as the dawn of a new and better day.

Woman though she was, she joined the ranks of the insurgents, and fought with many other women, who were prompt to follow her leading against the hated Versailles. In the streets and at the council table she was ever at the front, and when the Commune fell, it was Louise Michel who distributed cans of petroleum to those who were willing to make a funeral pyre of the capital which witnessed its fall. So, at least, it is said. There is less doubt about the part which she played in defending the heights of Montmartre. When the insurgents turned to fly, Louise Michel taunted them as cowards, and hastening to the cannon, fired round after round upon the advancing troops, until at last, standing alone by her guns, she was made prisoner by the Versailles. The great stroke had failed. Versailles had triumphed; the social revolution was drowned in blood. Louise was tried by court-martial, and condemned to death. While awaiting trial her conduct was exemplary. She was obedient, docile, silent and respectful. But when, in consideration of her sex and the motherly care which she had shown to the poor, deserted children of Montmartre, even during the worst agonies of the second siege, the sentence was commuted to transportation to New Caledonia, she lost her self-control, and burst out into a passionate imprecation upon the court which denied her even the right to die. She declared she would not accept her reprieve, and dispatched an indignant epistle to the court, demanding that they should recognize her right to be shot like a man. As they turned a deaf ear to her pleadings, she poured out her soul in a passionate letter to Victor Hugo—"my poet and my master"—imploving him to save her from the disgrace of being reprieved like a woman after she had so heroically earned the right to be shot like a man.

Paddy Ryan's Arrest.

Paddy Ryan, the champion of the prize ring of America, who gained that title by defeating the famous Joe Goss on June 1st, 1880, at Col-

liers, West Virginia, has been "wanted" ever since by the police officials. The latter also desire the presence of others, but they think the champion larger game. Consequently they have made several places too warm for Ryan, necessitating numerous unexpected trips on his part. Learning that Ryan had opened a saloon in Troy, the West Virginia officials made extensive preparations to "bag" their game. Chief Sweeney came to New York and was provided with a New York detective, and the pair started for Albany on Tuesday last.

That very night they secured Ryan as he was leaving the theatre, being assisted by Detective Curtin, under the instructions of Chief Hauck, of Albany. News of the arrest spread like wildfire, and before many minutes a crowd numbering over a hundred surrounded the party. They were then on the way to catch the 1 o'clock train for New York, but they were jostled and pulled about so much by the surging crowd that but little headway could be gained, and every moment it was thought the prisoner's escape would be effected. At last, he hopelessly consented to a proposition of detective Curtin to abandon the idea of going to New York that night and remain over until the next day as the mob looked threatening. The prisoner was taken to the Chief's house and afterward conveyed to the Globe Hotel, where detective Curtin said he would be responsible for the man.

Chief Sweeney and detective Ruland stood guard at the front door of the hotel until morning. At 8 o'clock next morning Paddy Ryan appeared with Detective Curtin, of Albany, coming down the stairs. The New York men were in the hotel office at the time, and, approaching them, Curtin said, "You remain here a moment; Ryan wants to step into his store and settle his business before he leaves," and departed with the prisoner. Sweeney called to Ruland to follow them, and Ruland stepped out, but was met face to face with Curtin alone. Curtin said that Ryan broke from him as soon as they reached the street and jumped into a cab that was in attendance at the corner.

The Chief and the detective returned to New York and considered themselves badly-used men.

San Francisco's Female Lawyers.

Something unusual in the annals of criminal jurisprudence has occurred in San Francisco. The case is the celebrated Wheeler murder trial. The accused who is married, was intimate with his sister-in-law. The latter was about to be married to a man named Peckham, and Wheeler, rather than have her leave his home, choked her to death while she was sitting on his knee and kissing him. Wheeler then placed the body in a trunk where it was found.

The most remarkable feature of the trial is the fact that two females are the opposing counsel. Our illustration represents a tilt between counsel, in which warm compliments are bandied much to the general amusement.

The following is a sketch of the lives of each of these brilliant ladies:

Clara S. Foltz is the prosecuting attorney and is about 29 years of age, of fine figure, blonde hair and honest brown eyes. She was admitted to the bar some two years ago. She is an ambitious, energetic and deserving woman, the mother of five children who depend upon her for support. She was married at 15 years of age, is a native of Indiana, has for several years resided in California where her struggle has been an heroic one, and her future seems full of promise. She is sympathetic, kind, generous and womanly, though of a vigorous and energetic temperament. She is persevering and has won many admiring friends.

Mrs. Laura de Force Gordon is quite widely known, having been associated with the suffrage movement in the East, where she has lectured and spoken. She is a very able woman. Her appearance is very pleasing, fine features, blue eyes, and a face and manner quite fascinating. She has remarkable self-possession, a logical mind and, argues in a strong, masterly way. Clear, concise and convincing, her early training and experience has been such as to constantly improve her. She has been reporter, editor and lecturer at various times. In mind she reminds one of Susan B. Anthony, though her style of dress is more attractive. She wears her hair in curls with a brigand hat, both being becoming. She made an able and eloquent appeal for the prisoner, Wheeler. While she got the palm for eloquence, Mrs. Foltz was on the winning side, though she also is more at home in a defense than in a prosecution. These "sisters-in-law" have met with encouragement and are treated with marked gallantry by their brothers in the law at the bar of California.

A Somnambulist's Freak.

A girl named Daisy Deane, who for some weeks has been employed in the Kansas City Variety Theatre, met a horrible fate on Saturday night by being frozen to death, after wandering from home in an almost nude condition under mental hallucination. The girl had been sick with a fever for about ten days, and a part of the time had been delirious and insane. Twice before, during the absence of her husband, she had wandered from her room in an almost nude condition, but had been discovered and brought back.

Once on returning home after the show her husband found her on the top stair of the building, sitting upon the sill of an open window evidently insensible to her dangerous and uncomfortable position. On Saturday P. M. she appeared to be much better. She arose, sewed awhile, ate a hearty dinner and appeared to be in good spirits. Her husband, Billy Deome, of the team of Sully and Deome, who has been playing an engagement for some time at the Coliseum Theatre, left the house with others and went to the theatre, leaving the woman alone in her room. When they returned about 12 o'clock, after the performance, her husband was surprised to find the room empty. Her dress and other apparel were on the chair, where she had evidently laid them when she retired. Failing to find her in the building, he feared the worst, and search was immediately instituted. The whole house was aroused and some of the people came to the Central Station for assistance. It was evident that the poor demented girl had wandered out in her stocking feet and clad only in her chemise and perhaps a white undershirt, although, as one of the blankets was missing from the bed, it was inferred that she had thrown it around her shoulders on leaving the house; no marks of any struggle were perceptible in the room, and the theory of foul play in the house was soon abandoned. The most frightful rumors were afloat. The special policeman of the theatre had found a colored man, who said he had seen the girl issue from the theatre, clad in her night-gown, and with only a blanket thrown over her shoulders. She had been accosted by a negro, who took her in charge, and went with her into the notorious colored dive kept by Polowski, just across the street, on 3rd street. In this vile den the searchers went, but could find nothing of the wanderer. Polowski himself and one colored vagrant were the only visible inmates of the dive. They denied all knowledge of the girl. The other notorious dens of this low quarter were all visited by the searchers, accompanied by the officers and the reporter, where whites and blacks indiscriminately congregate, and the lowest characters resort. The search was continued all night, and at an early hour in the morning the girl's lifeless body was found in the backyard of the residence of Hugh Lynch, on Charlotte street. Word was at once sent to police headquarters, and the body was taken to an undertaker, where an inquest was held.

Ned Kelly's Crimes Expiated.

The notorious Ned Kelly, the Australian bushwhacker, who with his gang created such a sensation in that colony last summer through the efforts of the police to capture them, has at last paid the penalty of his crimes. On Nov. 11th last, promptly at ten o'clock on that day, Colonel Rede, the sheriff, in his official dress, demanded the body of Edward Kelly. Mr. Castieau, the governor of the jail, led the way to the condemned cell, where the prisoner was confined, which stands on the eastern side of the central tower from which the corridors radiate. The drop fronts the main entrance. The spectators present, including officers and warders, did not exceed fifty in number. While the prayers were yet being said, the condemned man glanced at the sky, the cap was drawn over his face, the signal given, and he went to his account. Prayers were continued after he was dead. An inquest was subsequently held, and a formal verdict, according to the facts, rendered.

Adventures of a Drunken Tramp.

Funny scenes were enacted at Erie, Colorado, a few days ago with a tramp. Without possessing any of the filthy lucre he got good and drunk. Some of the boys, thinking to have a little sport, cut the left side of his hair and shaved the right side of his face. Then they proceeded to bathe him, dipping him in a pond, leaving his mouth out to get air.

After enjoying this for a while they took him to a saloon and fixed him for a funeral, painting his lips, chin, nose, eyebrows and forehead with tar from a wagon wheel and the rest of his face red with analine ink. A nickle was placed over each eye, his jaws were tied up with a handkerchief over his head, a club was placed on his stomach and his hands tied over it. His feet were also tied and he was then placed on the sidewalk in front of the saloon and a mock funeral was held. The services came to an abrupt close through the appearance of constable Kerico, who took the live "stiff" off to the "cooler."

A Negro Murderer.

On March 4th Pink Pratt, colored, will suffer the extreme penalty of the law at Atlanta, Ga. The offence which costs him his life is an outrageous assault upon a nine year old white child, the daughter of one of the leading families of the neighborhood. Pratt takes the matter easily and speaks of his approaching execution as a murder. His intellect is little above that of the dumb brute, and he made such a request that the sheriff declined to satisfy his desires.

Horrible Realization.

A gentleman relates the following dog story: He says a few nights since he put a small pet dog into bed with himself and another man, and some time in the night he dreamed the dog was mad with hydrophobia, and was soon af-

ter awakened by the dog, who was making quite a commotion underneath the bedclothes, and seizing him by the nap of the neck he threw him out of the bed, whereupon he caught hold of a boot and began chawing and drawing it about the room. The man lighted a lamp and to his great surprise found the dog was actually mad, his jaws being filled with froth, and his eyes green and fiery. The man at once grasped his revolver and shot the brute dead.

Frightful Work of Lynchers.

Judge Lynch enacted a terrible scene at Springfield, Tennessee, on Friday evening last. The trial of five negro murderers was in progress before Judge Stark and had reached a termination in the charge of the Judge to the jury. The murderers were James Elder, Loch Mallory Lun Stell, Robert Twest and another whose name was not ascertained. They were delivered to the custody of the sheriff and that official prepared to start to the jail with them. Bill Murphy and Anthony Duffy, who testified for the State, were set at liberty, and it is thought that their release led to the terrible tragedy.

As the sheriff departed with his prisoners he was met at the court room door by an infuriated mob, who, presenting pistols at his head, rushed upon him and took the trembling prisoners from him.

The mob ordered all the lights out, fired a regular fusillade of shots to intimidate any would-be rescuers, and dragged the five captives to the east door of the court house where ropes were awaiting them. The ropes were suspended from the veranda above. The five bodies in an instant were swinging from the veranda.

Jim Elder was the only one who made any struggle, and he was quickly thrown down, bound hand and foot and then hanged with the others. The mob guarded the bodies until they were sure that their work was completed and life extinct. The leader then gave the order, "Disperse, my men, to your homes," and the executioners, some 200 in number, immediately departed, going on horseback in three different directions.

The crowd attending the trial was paralyzed with fear at first, and then jumped from the windows of the court room and rushed off in every direction, uttering cries of affright.

Attorney General Bell tried to collect a posse to resist the mob, but failed and was compelled to make his exit from the court through a window. There was no whiskey in the crowd of lynchers and they were under strict discipline.

The work of the lynchers was completed later in the evening. It appears that one party rode off in the direction of the neighborhood where Leprade was murdered, and came across Andrew Duffy, one of the witnesses who had turned State's evidence. His body was found the next day near Guthrie's, showing that he had shared the fate of his wretched accomplices at the Court House. Murphy, the other witness and the last of the gang of black murderers, was caught and lynched. The excitement in the surrounding district is intense.

The crime for which these negroes were lynched was the brutal murder of a bachelor farmer named Leprade, who lived alone on his farm near Sadlersville, Robinson county, about a mile from any neighbor. He led a sort of hermit life, eccentric, opposed to shedding blood and keeping no animals nor fowls on his premises. His neighbors inferred that he had money. The report was current that he and his two brothers had fallen heir to \$9,000 a few days before the murder.

A party of negroes went to his house on the night of September 8, 1890. Going in the rear of his dwelling, one of them knocked at the door, and, imitating the voice of Leprade's brother, asking admission, Leprade opened the door without thought of harm. The nine black fiends rushed in upon him, knocked him down and then demanded all his money. He gave them \$5, saying that was all he had. This enraged his assailants. Throwing a rope around his neck they dragged him around his grounds, hanged him to a limb of a tree repeatedly until he was almost unconscious, singed his body with torches and lacerated and mutilated him with knives in the endeavor to compel him to admit that he had concealed money, but always with the same result. To extort from him the place of concealment of his supposed wealth the demons proceeded to still more inhuman tortures.

With the rope he was dragged about the yard, and finally his legs were cut and hacked and the tendons torn from their places from the knees down. Then his skull was crushed with an axe, after which the body was hidden under some bushes in a neighboring thicket.

A Ghoul's Desperate Scheme.

At his residence, on George street, near Bay-miller, Ohio, Abner G. Shaffer, an old and respected citizen, died very recently. The remains were placed in the front room of the house near a window which had been lowered a little from the top, and a sheet thrown over them. A neighbor, Mr. John Garrison, volunteered to sit up with the body, and it was arranged that he should occupy the next room. The family of the deceased and others were up and about the house until a late hour, and at 1 o'clock in the morning the two daughters had

not yet retired and were with Mr. Garrison in the second room. Sounds were heard from the front room and it was suggested that there must be someone in there, but the idea was dismissed as impossible. Soon the sounds were heard again and the striking of a match was plainly distinguished. Visions of ghosts and hobgoblins rose quickly up in the minds of the three watchers, and it required more than ordinary nerve to venture upon an examination. But Mr. Garrison was equal to the emergency, and rising from his chair he softly opened the door and looked in the direction of the corpse. Standing over the dead man, holding up the sheet in one hand and with a lighted match in the other was a rough-looking citizen with a slouch hat that shaded his face. The ghastly tableau lasted but for a moment. The sound from the opening of the door attracted the attention of the strange visitant, and throwing down the match, he glided quickly out of the front door of the house.

After the sudden departure of the stranger a light was used and a closer investigation had. The lower sash of the window had been raised and an entrance effected through the opening. On the edge of the sheet on either side of the corpse was the dirty footprint of a large boot. The front door, which fastens with a spring-lock, had been opened and the catch fastened back. About the room were the remains of several matches which had been burned by the visitor. There was nothing missing from the room, and nothing, save the corpse, had been disturbed. The street was empty, and no one was found who had seen any suspicious people about the house.

A "Mill" Broken-Up.

William Downes, of 480 East Twentieth street, and William Pollock of Twentieth street and First avenue, became involved in a quarrel in the gas-house in East Twenty-second street on Saturday. Sunday afternoon, they agreed to settle their difficulty by a resort to the "manly art," and for that purpose adjourned to the Corporation Yard, at the foot of East Twenty-fourth street. In order to be beyond the interference of the police, they boarded a scow, and pushed it out into the stream; but by means of a cable tied to the dock prevented its floating with the tide.

A large number of spectators lined the dock to witness the "mill." The men were attended on board only by their seconds; and when everything was ready, they went at each other with a will. When several rounds had been fought and each had received sufficient punishment, Officer Stuart of the Eighteenth Precinct arrived at the dock. For a long time he was puzzled as how he should get across to the scow, on board of which the men continued to pound each other vigorously, entirely unmindful of the cry of "Police" which had been raised by those on the dock. Finally, the officer began to pull at the cable in an effort to draw the scow toward him. Gradually the scow moved, and at length its movement became more perceptible, until finally it was noticed by the fighters and their seconds.

All hands then made an effort to escape, and Pollock threw himself overboard. He would have been drowned had it not been for his antagonist, who had concealed himself in the cabin of a neighboring canal-boat, but who gallantly came to his rescue. Seeing from his hiding place Pollock's falling powers, he reached forward and rescued him.

Entering New York "Society."

The shoddiness of fashionable life is truly depicted in the illustration of the *debut* of a daughter of wealthy parents. Of humble origin, the parents struggle through life, contented and happy. Suddenly comes the startling intelligence that good luck has befallen them in the death of a distant relative. Immediately discontent becomes manifest in the bosoms of the parents, and they at once see the absolute necessity of leaving the scenes of their poverty to live in more fashionable quarters. Then, too, their daughter must be educated in a style up to the standard of their suddenly-acquired wealth. After a few years' coquetting with the "upper ten," Pa and Ma, possessing the required amount, are graciously admitted into "society," and the daughter, having been thoroughly polished, cards are issued for her *debut*, and the "entree" is complete.

Miss Sara Jewett.

There is no lady on the American stage who is as well known and such a general favorite as Miss Sara Jewett. She has been for several years the leading lady at the Union Square Theatre, and at the present time is playing in the "Banker's Daughter." She is an excellent actress, and her charming manner on and off the stage brings her hosts of friends.

Peter Pelke, Murderer.

Peter Pelke, alias John O'Brien, the murderer of Charles Tacke, at Helena, Montana Territory, was hanged there for his crime last week. His intellect was of the lowest order, and his punishment richly deserved.

A STORY OF TOM OCHILTREE.

Jem Mace, the celebrated prize-fighter, once spent a winter in New Orleans. He used to amuse himself and his admirers by betting the drinks with them that they could not hit

him—they to do their best to hit him and he to simply ward off the blows.

Tom Ochiltree of Texas, who has gained considerable reputation from his intimacy with General Grant, and perhaps even more reputation from the fast running-horse which was named after him, happened to be in New Orleans during the winter.

Some of Ochiltree's friends told him of Mace's favorite bet. Ochiltree is a short, thick-set, powerfully-built man. His head is just red enough to indicate a fiery temper. As soon as he was told of Mace's bet he fired up and said that he would bet the crowd a champagne supper that he could hit Jem Mace. The bet, of course, was taken at once and the whole party started out in search of Mace. He was easily found in a neighboring drinking saloon. Mace was standing at the bar in the act of taking a drink.

Ochiltree stepped quietly up beside him and hit him suddenly a stinging blow on the cheek. Mace quietly placed his glass on the bar and, scarcely moving his body, brought his right hand up and struck Ochiltree a fearful blow just under one ear.

His friends rushed to him, gathered him up and carried him to the nearest hotel. Doctors were sent for in a hurry, and after two or three hours of hard work they succeeded in bringing Ochiltree back to this earth. He was confined to his room in the hotel for three weeks, however. When he finally appeared he was forced to furnish the champagne supper.

Some of his friends said to him: "Why in the world were you such a blanked fool as to hit Jem Mace?" "Why," said Ochiltree, "I thought I would just tap him without his knowledge and would then explain to him."

HOW GENERAL CUSTER FELL.

An Indian Chief's Thrilling Recital—"I Killed Him—I Cut Him Open—I Ate a Part of His Liver."

A sensational story in the shape of a statement by Rain-in-the-Face, the Indian Chief who killed General Custer in the memorable Indian fight of June 21, 1876, comes from Miles City, Montana. From that day to this there has been a mystery about the affair, from the fact that not a man of General Custer's little band escaped death to tell the story of their fate, and the historian has no other source from which to fill the page than the horrible imagination which clustered around the dead and mutilated bodies of the gallant commander and his troops, heightened by the memories of the smoldering ruins of the Indian village to capture which they paid the penalty of their recklessness with their lives.

Three Indian Chiefs, Rain-in-the-Face, Two Roads and Spotted Eagle—who surrendered to General Miles last spring, came in as is their custom, being encamped only two miles away, on Tongue River, for the purpose of conversation with Mr. Wm. M. Courtenay, the clerk and interpreter of a house at Fort Keogh, in whom the Indians religiously believe. Mr. Courtenay was reading Whittaker's Life of Custer, and in turning the leaves of the book one of the Indians caught sight of his own picture, which he immediately recognized. They then took the book from Mr. Courtenay, and found all their portraits, but exhibited very little emotion of pleasure or otherwise, until one of them turned a page and the picture of General Custer was revealed.

At this Rain-in-the-face became greatly excited, going through with all the gyrations of the war-dance, and giving the Sioux war-whoop at the top of his voice. After he had got through with his wild demonstration, but still exhibiting the greatest anger, he struck the picture with his hand, and, with a demoniac sneer on his face, exclaimed in the Sioux tongue:

"I killed him. I made many holes in him. He took my liberty. I took life. I am glad I did." On being told by a bystander that General Custer was still living, Rain-in-the-Face became very violent, and hissed between his teeth: "Your tongue is forked," which is the Sioux figure for "you lie."

Continuing, he said: "I visited his body after the battle. I cut him open. I ate a part of his liver. I am glad I killed him. He was bad to my people. He kill many our warriors."

It is a superstition among the Sioux that by eating the liver of a valorous victim the warrior so eating obtains all his cunning and prowess. This is the first authentic account of Custer's death ever given.

THE ERMINE INSULTED.

Disgraceful Fracas in a Court of Justice—Stirring Scenes.

One of the most sensational and disgraceful scenes that has ever occurred in an Indiana court of justice happened during the session of the circuit court.

A case was in progress in which a young man was charged with a small theft. The accused was on the witness-stand and was being pinned down pretty closely by the prosecuting attorney, when one Jacob Harless, a powerfully built and half-drunken individual, called out to his friend the accused, "Get down and go for him," meaning the prosecutor.

Upon having his court thus disturbed Judge Chase ordered the arrest of Harless. This

the bailiff attempted, but Harless showed fight and was about to get the best of the officer when others came to the rescue. At this turn of affairs a brother of Harless and a relative named Studebaker shield their castors into the ring and a general riot was the result.

One of the bailiffs received a bad blow in the face, while another found himself pressed down on a railing and powerless to help himself. The prosecuting attorney, the court clerk and one or two attorneys were called to the relief of the officers, and the first named got in such close quarters that he had to use a chair over the head of the larger Harless, much to the sorrow of the owner thereof.

Finally all the opposers of the court's forces were quieted except one, and he was about to use a chair on his opponent when the threat of shooting him unless he desisted quieted him down.

Three offenders were then arrested and the two Harlesses sent to jail in default of bail. Studebaker, who did not take so active a part in the affair, was released. The three culprits will be arraigned before Judge Chase and will probably be heavily fined for their offenses. The gang who thus disturbed the court reside in the southwestern part of the county and are recognized as a precious set of rowdies. They are related to the young man who was being tried, and it was in his defense they were acting when the racket started.

A GAY LOTHARIO'S BOQUET.

Presented with a Bundle of Withes, But Declining to Father Two Children.

Recently a bouquet was presented to a young gentleman living in Lubeck, a suburb of Parkersburg, W. Va. There is nothing remarkable, it is true, in such presentations, unless they be, like this one, out of the regular order of high toned appreciation of merit. Now, had it been the common-place presentation, or throwing upon the stage at the feet of an actress a beautifully arranged bunch of pretty flowers whose fragrance filled the surroundings, no note would have been taken of it, as the bloods and well-paid artists have made this custom common. But the bouquet spoken of and its presentation is altogether out of the regular order of things, and withal an exception to the general rule, and why it is so can be best related by the facts in the case, which are as follows: A young man, whose name is withheld out of respect for his venerable and respected parents, has long since proved himself a veritable lothario, as the honor and happiness of many homes, as well as the blighted life of numerous promising ornaments to society in the persons of fair young girls can testify, was the recipient of this remarkable bouquet, which was left on the door-step of his father, accompanied by a note. The note did not contain the names of the admiring friends, nor did it abound in laudations of his many virtues. It simply read:

"DEAR SIR—Herewith please find a bundle of hickory withes. If you do not marry Ann and provide for her two children, both of whom she alleges you are the father of, you may expect another bundle, and they will not be left on your door-step next time. MANY CITIZENS."

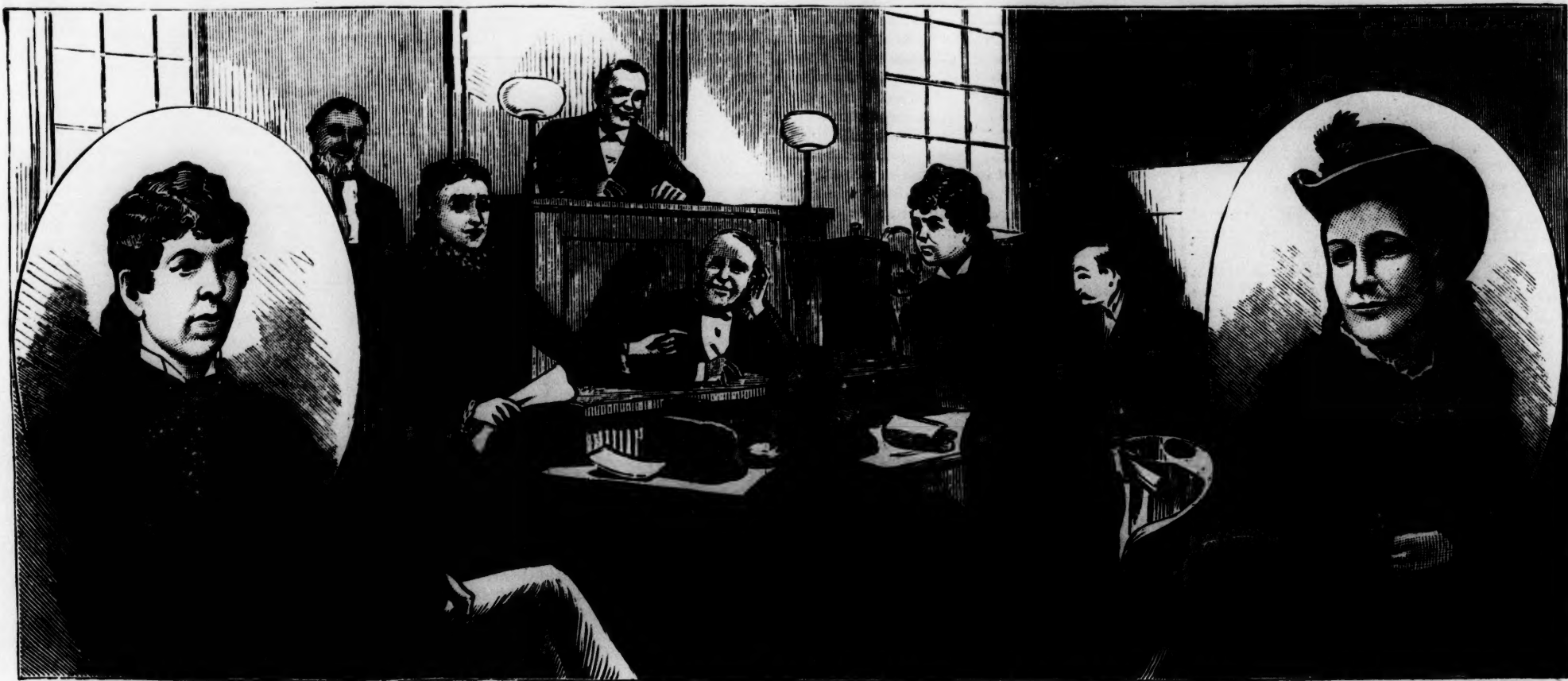
The young man, thinking discretion the better part of valor, and not wishing to make Ann a partner in life's troublesome and uncertain journey, has departed for fresh fields and pastures new.

A BOY'S CRUELTY.

Hopelessly Wrecking a Child's Reason—A Young Life Blighted.

A. J. Payne, living near Bloomington, Ind., has a bright and pretty little daughter of seven years, who attended the district school in the neighborhood of her father's farm. On a pleasant morning about four years ago, while on her way to school, the girl was met by a vicious neighbor boy, three or four years older than herself, and who had a dead black snake, which he carried on a stick. He thrust the snake into the girl's face, and she was so terrified that she could not run away. Then he wrapped the snake around her neck and shoulders and ran away. She took the reptile off and hastened on to school. The child was greatly agitated during the entire forenoon, and when she returned home her parents, greatly alarmed, urged her to tell them what had occurred, for her conduct was wild and strange. She gave them the story in a disjointed manner, shrieking out frequently, "Take the snake away." By night her reason was a wreck, and has so remained ever since. For four years she has recognized no one, but has daily sat with her little slate on her lap, marking out the same figures she had been given as a lesson at school on the fatal day on which the vicious boy placed the dead snake about her, and this monotony was only broken at times when she would cry out, "Take the snake away."

Hoping that medical science might possibly do something for the relief of his daughter, Mr. Payne took her to the State Insane Asylum at Indianapolis a few weeks ago. The physicians of the institution last week wrote him there was only a faint hope for his beautiful child, and she will probably end her days an occupant of the Asylum for the Incurable Insane.



CLARA S. FOLTZ.

LAURA DE FORCE GORDON.

THE WHEELER MURDER TRIAL; SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A LIVELY COURT SCENE BETWEEN OPPOSING COUNSEL—MAKING THINGS MERRY FOR THE SPECTATORS.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



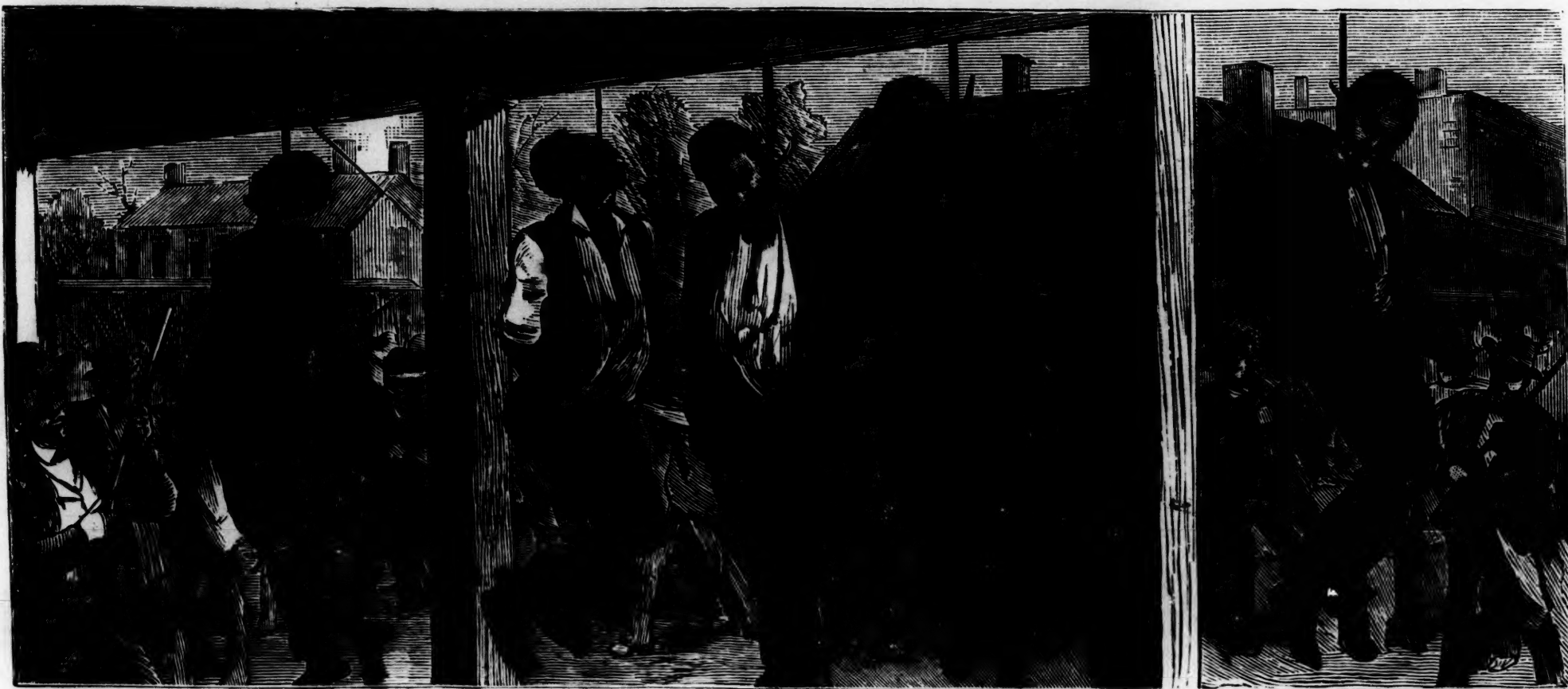
THE EXECUTION OF NED KELLY,

NOTORIOUS AUSTRALIAN BUSHWHACKER WHO CREATED SUCH A SENSATION LAST SUMMER.



A GHOUL'S DESPERATE SCHEME.

ATTEMPTING TO STEAL A MAN'S BODY ONLY THREE HOURS AFTER DEATH; BAYMILLER, O.



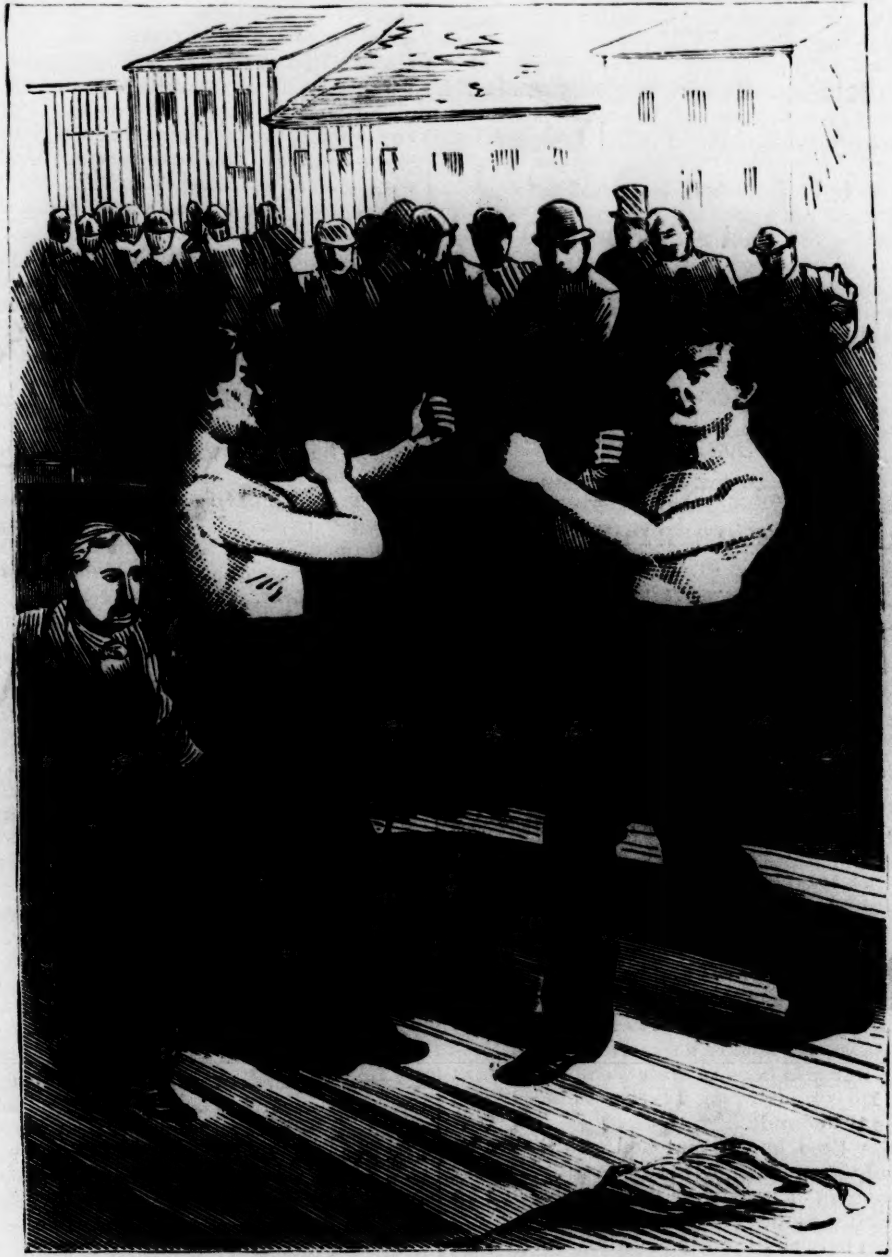
THE BLOODIEST TRAGEDY ON RECORD.

FIVE NEGROES TAKEN FROM A COURT-ROOM AND HANGED FROM THE VERANDA OF THE COURT-HOUSE; SPRINGFIELD, TENN.



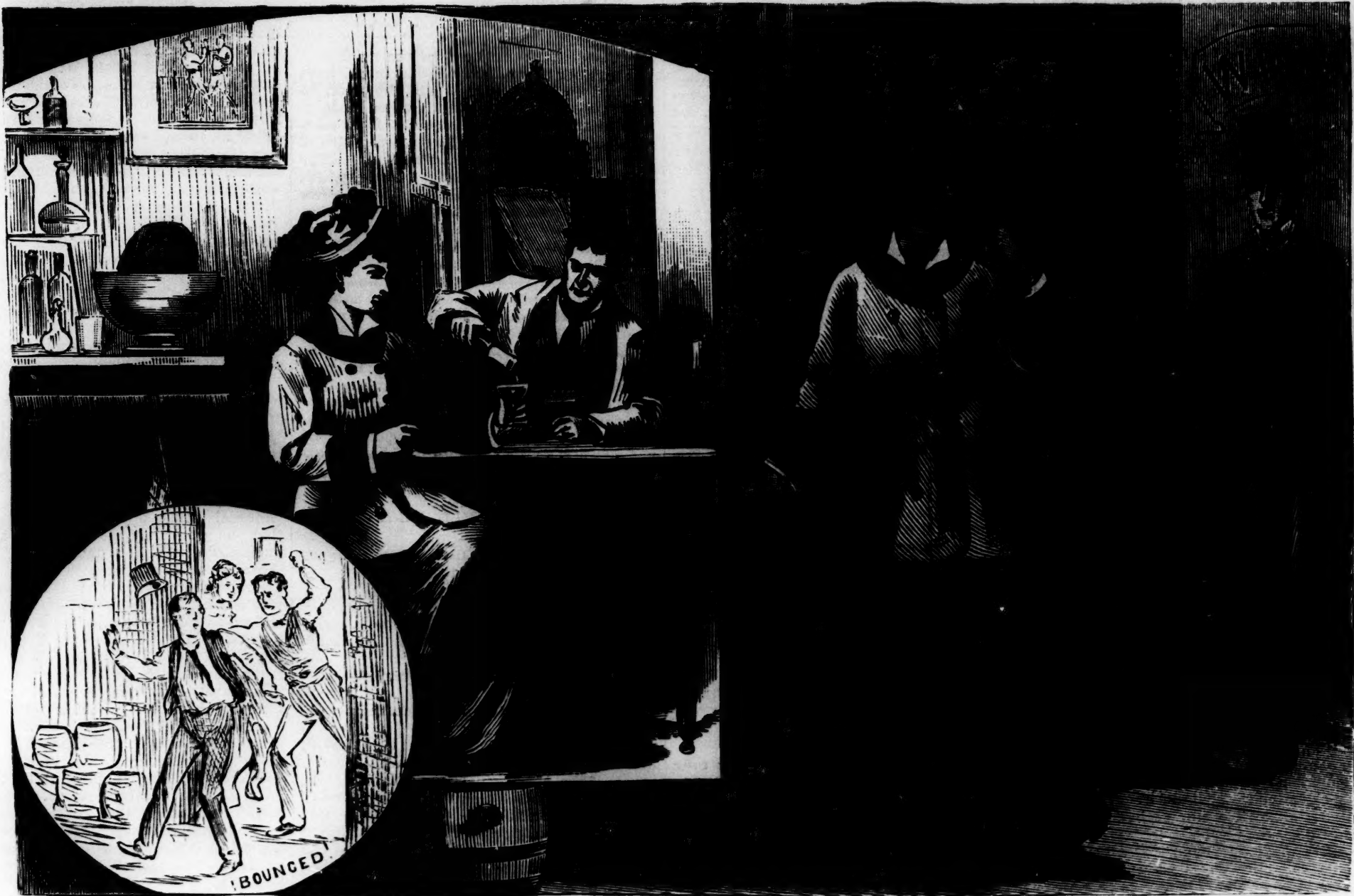
PADDY RYAN'S ESCAPE.

GIVING THE OFFICERS FROM WEST VIRGINIA THE SLIP FROM HIS SALOON,
ALBANY, N. Y.



FIGHTING ON A SCOW.

HOW TWO PUGILISTS SOUGHT TO EVADE THE INTERFERENCE OF THE POLICE;
NEW YORK CITY.



SHAMEFUL ABUSES UNDER THE PRESENT EXCISE LAW.

THE WAY LOW RUM SHOPS TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE "HOTEL" LICENSE, TO CARRY ON A DISGRACEFUL TRADE—A HINT TO
BROTHER TALMAGE.

AMERICAN PRIZE RING

Its Battles, Its Wrangles, and Its Heroes---Great Fistic Encounters Between Pugilists of the Past and Present.

The Great Undecided Battle Between Billy Dwyer and Tommy Chandler,

"THE PACIFIC SLOPE PHENOMENON,"

In Which Sixty-Four Rounds Were Fought, and Neither was Able to Win.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE.

One of the greatest battles during 1862 was decided on the Pacific slope, and created considerable interest in sporting circles all over the United States. The battle was between Billy Dwyer, a stalwart muscular specimen of humanity and Tommy Chandler. Neither of the pugilists had ever fought in the ring, but yet they both had figured in numerous turn ups and displayed the science, pluck and stamina so essential in a pugilist.

Chandler was born in Waterford, Ireland, in 1842. He stands 5 feet, 8 inches in height and weighs 136 pounds.

At the time he was matched with Dwyer he had only been in America two years. No finer specimen of a man ever entered the ring on the Pacific Slope; his appearance and expression being eminently pleasing and gentlemanly, robustly built, with a form of perfect symmetry, indicating great agility, energy and physical vigor. No one seeing him on Montgomery street, San Francisco, would for a moment suppose he was a pugilist.

Dwyer was born in Ireland in 1838. He stood 5 feet 9 inches in height, and in condition weighed 140 pounds.

The match originated in a row and the pugilists signed articles to fight "off the chain" at catch weights, according to the rules of the London Prize Ring for a purse. Both pugilists had a host of admirers and there was brisk speculation on the battle.

Chandler had been trained by the famous Johnny Walker, and Joe Winrow, the war horse of the prize ring had also, at divers times, taught Chandler how to "hit, stop and counter," so that it was the general opinion of the sporting men that Chandler would whip Dwyer.

The latter was a capital fighter, and his friends boasted in San Francisco on the day before the battle that he would whip Chandler inside of an hour.

Chandler's friends on the other hand offered to lay odds that if Dwyer did not win in one hour that he would not win at all.

The fight was decided near San Francisco, Cal., on June 5, 1862. Neither of the pugilists were in condition, as they lacked the training necessary for a contest of the kind.

Chandler weighed 136½ pounds while Dwyer scaled 140 pounds. Sam Phunley and Harry McCluskey was in Dwyer's corner to handle him while Chandler's seconds were the notorious "Cockey" Brown and Johnny Walker.

Chandler stripped magnificently, his flesh being firm and hard, and knotted over with muscles which looked as though formed of steel, while his eyes sparkled with the lustre of health and a smile of unbounded confidence.

Dwyer when stripped displayed better muscular development than Chandler, while he appeared determined and sullen looking.

The battle was a long and determined one, and both pugilists stood up and fought like Trojans. Chandler's fine style of fighting was the subject of general admiration; straight, rapid and well-timed hitting, quick countering and activity during the first hour in which neither appeared to gain the lead in the fighting. Dwyer's loins and legs, which were strong, firm and muscular, together with his splendid physical development and his pluck and stamina assisted him greatly to face and stand the terrible hammering, were all strikingly displayed by him.

Dwyer, on the other hand, pluckily faced Chandler's chopping blows and returned his terrible swinging right hand blows which made terrible havoc on Dwyer's facial organs.

During the first forty minutes Chandler punished Dwyer terribly. He fought very peculiarly, "jabbing" with his left hand and then suddenly swinging his right, which frequently landed with tremendous force on Dwyer's damaged "frontpiece."

How Dwyer faced the terrible blows Chandler

time and again sent in was the wonder of the crowd. It must, however, be understood that Dwyer was not idle, for he punished Chandler terribly and at times had slightly the advantage. His great pluck and splendid physical development, together with his stamina assisted him greatly.

The first forty rounds were fought without either pugilist having any decided advantage, and then Dwyer began to weaken and his blows began to be less damaging, and he was very slow in avoiding Chandler's left mauley which was being continually pushed at his battered, bleeding face.

At the end of the fiftieth round Dwyer's seconds had to work hard in order to prepare him to be ready in the thirty seconds allowed by the rules between each round. At the end of the fifty-fifth round it was patent to all that Dwyer was whipped, and one of his seconds, fearing that the fight might end fatally, desired him to give up. Dwyer replied that he would fight as long as he could see, and the battle continued. From the fifty-eighth round Dwyer fought with more determination, and he punished Chandler severely, and the latter began to show the effects of the terrible pounding. On time being called for the sixtieth round it was anybody's fight. Chandler's friends, who had laid long odds, saw a "danger light," and their champion was beginning to hoist the "signals of distress." Dwyer was hardly able to walk to the scratch, and the brandy which was furnished him at the end of every round, together with his indomitable pluck, was all that kept him from falling exhausted in front of his game, plucky opponent.

After sixty-one rounds had been fought, the faces of the pugilists presented anything but an inviting appearance, their features being knocked out of all shape. Dwyer's left eye was fast closing, and Chandler's left was also gradually shutting out the light. Both tried to end the battle, but Dwyer's blows had no effect, while Chandler was too weak to injure Dwyer. Three more rounds were fought, and Chandler's friends urged him to force the fighting, but he was unable to do so. Johnny Walker, his second, used every device known in the trade of a second to assist his champion, but it was useless, for Chandler was growing weaker and weaker. Dwyer was in the same condition, and it was plain to be seen that the fight would only end either by the pugilists deciding to give up, or one of them falling from exhaustion. On time being called for the sixty-fourth round, intense excitement prevailed among the partisans of the contestants, as it was all the seconds of the pugilists could do to bring them up to the scratch. Dwyer staggered like a drunken man, and Chandler was "groggy." After a harmless exchange Dwyer closed, and both fell in the middle of the ring from weakness. Chandler was quickly carried to his corner and brandy given to him, Walker having an idea that he could make him fight another round. While Chandler's seconds were trying to win the battle on a "scratch," Dwyer's seconds were doing all they could to induce Dwyer to again go to the mark. "If you go up again," said Mr. McCluskey, "you will win." Dwyer was not able to stand, and Chandler was in the same plight, and the fight was over, for on time being called for the sixty-fifth round neither of the pugilists were able to fight any longer, and the referee declared the fight a draw.

The fight lasted one hour and twenty-four minutes, during which sixty-four rounds had been fought. Chandler displayed by far the most science, in spite of his peculiar style of fighting, but Dwyer displayed the most dogged bull-dog pluck, and proved that he was a glutton at receiving punishment. It is the general opinion of the majority of sporting men, and even Dwyer's backers, that Chandler would have won the fight if he had not out-fought and over-exerted himself at the beginning. It was a terrific battle, and one wherein thorough gameness was shown to be possessed by both contestants. Although the battle ended in a draw, Chandler received just as much credit as if he had won. He gained a host of admirers, and they offered to match him to fight any middle-weight in America for any amount. Dwyer did not lose the prestige he had gained in rough-and-tumbles and off-hand affairs, and his backers were also ready to match him against anybody but the Pacific Slope Phenomenon, as Chandler was styled. Both Chandler and his plucky opponent made their mark in the history of the American Prize Ring, as we will show when our chronology reaches the dates of their great battles in the arena.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

One of the most extraordinary stories ever told comes from Erie, Pa., as follows: Brake-man Snodgrass, of Corry, met with an accident at that place, while making a coupling, that has probably never before been experienced by any man who lives to tell the tale. He had his head caught between the bumpers and was so horribly squeezed it was not deemed possible that he could live, but he is now getting along finely. His head, which was once round, was pressed by the accident out long and slim. He is also from one-half to three-quarters of an inch taller. The terrible squeeze which his head received has made him cross-eyed, but strange as it may seem, his mind is as clear and bright as it ever was.

A FATHER'S DASTARDLY CRIME.

Inhuman Treatment of a Three-year-old Child—Horribly Beaten for Forgetting Her Prayers.

Living in some narrow apartments in a two-story frame tenement house in the city of Aurora, Indiana, is a carpenter named John Saby, an employee of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad at their Cochran shops, located only a mile from Aurora. Saby came to Aurora only a short time since with his family, consisting of his wife and a little girl of only three summers. Where he came from no one seems to know, and, judging by the sentiments expressed, nobody cares. Of his antecedents it is only known that his present wife is his second, and that the little girl was a child of the first Mrs. Saby. For several nights the neighbors who inhabit the building with Saby, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Suerman, proprietors of the tenement, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Broyles, and Mrs. Mattes and family, have been shocked at the exhibitions of cruelty which Saby has made upon his little motherless child, and two or three times they have protested. The little thing's step-mother is now in delicate health, and either unable or afraid to raise an objection to her husband's cruelty. The other night the unnatural father seized a part of a barrel-stave, some eighteen inches long and an inch or more in thickness, a formidable weapon, and began beating his little child on her bare limbs, when Mr. Broyles entered and protested against such barbarity. As the neighbor entered, the unique spectacle was presented to him of a little child on her knees with her father standing over her with a club. Broyles commanded the cruel father to desist, when Saby said:

"Well, she won't say her prayers, and I'll make her do it if I beat her till morning."

Mr. Broyles suggested that possibly the little innocent had forgotten her prayers. "That's just it," said the brute, "and I'll make her remember them before I'm done with her."

Finally the child was released from her unnatural father's clutches, and for a day or two the neighborhood had a rest from her screams. A few nights after the father began his cruel work again. It was the child's bedtime, and the supposition on the part of the neighbors was that he was again teaching the little girl religion (?), as cruel as that which influences the Hindoo mother to cast her baby to the crocodile. He was beating a prayer into his little child. The screams of the sufferer were heart-rending, and finally Broyles, whose right arm was crippled in the Aurora Rolling-mill some time since, and who now carries that member in a sling, told his wife he could stand the little girl's appeal for help no longer. Seizing an ax in his left hand, therefore, he started toward the Saby apartments, saying that he would either stop the father's cruelty or else do something that would entitle him (Broyles) to quarters in the county jail. Mrs. Broyles, fearing that her husband would carry out his threat, called to her aid one of the neighbors, and together they prevented what might have resulted in a tragedy. Again, however, at Saby's door, they protested against the outrage, and for awhile all was quiet. About midnight, however, the sleepers on both sides of Saby's quarters were aroused by the child's screams, and by the sound of blows, which seemed to proceed from the barrel-stave weapon, but the screams lasted only a few minutes.

The little girl, the neighbors all agreed, is an unusually attractive child, intelligent beyond her years, and very sweet. Every one living on the street on which the tenement house is located, and who have been more or less familiar with the father's inhumanity, were clamorous for something to be done. Broyles took the preliminaries toward having Saby arrested, swearing out a warrant against him, and he was free to assure the reporter that unless the law protected the little child the neighbors of Saby would take the matter in hand and pay him a visit when it would be least expected.

LOTTIE MERRILL DEAD.

The Famous Huntress Gone to the Happy Hunting Ground—Tragic Fate of a Brave Woman.

Lottie Merrill, who has made quite a reputation as a daring huntress, has at last met a tragic end.

She was attacked in her hut by six bears, killed and eaten by them, and her body burned with the carcasses of some of them in her cabin.

A party of hunters, it is said, at the close of that day found her cabin still burning and the proofs of the horrible death she had died. It appears that she had been hunting that day and had killed a fine buck deer, which, after removing the entrails, she had dragged home in the snow. Six hungry bears, drawn by the smell of blood, had followed the trail to her hut, and, after devouring the carcass of the deer, attacked the huntress, killing her and devouring her body.

The girl had evidently made an heroic defence. An examination of the carcasses of the six bears in the cabin showed that she must have killed two of them before being overpowered. The carcass of one bear had fallen against the door and imprisoned them all

within the cabin, which took fire and burned the others to death.

That she had killed two bears was apparent from the fact that when their bodies were cut open it was found they had had no part in the meal of human flesh in which the others had been partakers. In the cabin was found one of the huntress' heavy boots with the foot still in it, a bent hunting knife near the bones, and the antlers of the deer she had brought home, which with the carcasses of the bears furnished a complete key to the mystery. The remains of the poor girl were gathered up and taken to Moosetockmaguntic, Pa., where her funeral took place.

At least 300 people were present at the funeral, and the old preacher, William Budwick, preached the sermon, relating the story of her death and extolling her bravery and virtue to the skies. The remains were buried near her burned cabin and over her grave was placed a pair of antlers and a hemlock slab with this rude epitaph:

"Lottie Merrill lays here she didn't know what it was to be afeared but she has had her last tussel with the bears and theyve scooped her she was a good girl and she is now in heaven. It took six big bars to get away with her. She was only 18 years old."

THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

Its Frightful Immorality—The Obscene Literature Published There.

It is impossible to decide whether the moral atmosphere of this modern Gomorrah stands lower to-day or at the time of the Empire; at all events the moral rottenness appears more unblushingly in the open light of day than it did under the last of the Napoleons. So, for instance, obscene and bawdy literature is developing at a fearful rate ever since the publication of Nana. In this bawdy-house novel Zola seemed to have surpassed himself in the nakedness of description and the indecency of the selection of his material. But worse was to come. Under the name of *Gil Blas* a paper was founded which publishes lascivious and lewd stories and peppery anecdotes as a specialty. Then came the *Erenewment Parisienne* which republishes the slippery stuff of *Gil Blas* with illustrations, and is, consequently, even worse than its prototype. The *Erenewment Parisienne* has now reached the enormous circulation of 190,000 copies, and it pays regularly every day its fines for violating the police laws in reference to the utterance or printing indecent language and matter. The *Erenewment* does a flourishing business, and the natural consequences is unlimited competition. The *Boudoir* and the *Gazette Galante* do not lag behind the *Erenewment Parisienne* in the shamelessness of their sketches, and a little army of other daily papers are striving to excel each other in their devotion to lechery and obscenity of language. The *Piron*, *Faublas*, *Doccace*, and others among which *Le Pornographe Journal de Cochons* (the Ribald Writer, Journal for Bawdy-house Pimps) is one of the most decent, are flooding the streets and avenues. And now it is the intention to issue another paper, called *La Cantharide*, which will surpass everything in that peculiar line of journalism. I do not doubt for a moment that during the Empire similar pages were printed and circulated. But the vender of this literature pulled it quietly out of his pocket, showing it only to persons whom he suspected of having taste for such reading matter; for, if he accosted the wrong person, he ran the risk of arrest and prosecution before the Police Magistrate. But to-day these papers are openly offered for sale and are hanging before all the newspaper kiosks on the boulevards and in the shop-windows on every street and corner, where they will attract the most attention. Young men, not yet dry behind the ears, apprentices and school-boys, stand gaping at them with open mouths and noses. The venders bellow out to the passing public the titles of the obscene stories, and then follows a short but juicy synopsis of the contents, no matter whether they insult the ears of decent women, girls and children. Only a few days ago a lady told me that she would not risk crossing any of the boulevards with her daughters. Could not these scandalous proceedings be stopped? Perhaps, and perhaps not! I, at least, doubt it very much. The roots of the evil reach deeper, and cause must be sought in a different direction than in the freedom of the press which the French Republic is now enjoying. Even if the police should confiscate a dozen or two of these bawdy-house papers and send their editors to prison, this would not purify in the least the taste of the Paris public. You cannot drive better morals into French society by a policeman's club, or change them by the decision of a police judge. But not alone this pornographic literature is a sign of the low state of morals of that great city. All those questionable and slippery enjoyments which flourished during the days of the Empire, and which were condemned ten years ago by the French people in their holy wrath into the deepest depths of hades, are also in full bloom again. The tableaux vivant is charming the bald-heads cocottes on innumerable stages. The vaudevilles are more immoral, the couplets ranker in obscenity, and the stage costumes are nearly reduced to the historical or rather Biblical fig-leaf. The over-piquant press is only one link in the long chain of lewdness.

QUEER FREAKS.

A COWETA, Ala., widower went to see a widow on Monday, courted her on Tuesday and married her on Wednesday.

A PENNSYLVANIA editor has been fined one dollar for libelling a man. This may not look large but it's a pretty big sum for a country editor to pay at once.

At Erie, Pa., Judge Galbraith dissolved the marriage of Flora Grace, a child under 12, who by force and fraud was married to Louis Grace, a man old enough to be her father.

The Rev. J. V. Backman, of Armington, Ill., got drunk on communion wine, whipped his wife and broke nearly all of the parsonage furniture. The wife has sued for a divorce.

The man for whom Carrie Stewart, aged 14, killed herself, at Elgin, Ill., was just three times her own age, but her heart was so set upon marrying him that, when her parents locked her up, she took poison.

A NOBBY young man travelling in Texas went into a store and asked the proprietor if he had black kids. The young man doesn't see why the proprietor came over the counter and broke up all the furniture with him.

A WOMAN named Jennie Robertson, but better known as "Soldier Charlie," died in Nashville recently. At the commencement of the war she donned male attire and enlisted in the Federal army and served until the close of hostilities.

A GREEN reporter, sent to write up a ball, said that "Miss Perkins was handsomely attired in a beautiful transparent costume and waltzed like an angel." The next day he was cowhided four different times by enraged relatives and friends. Still he thought it was cheap enough.

A NOTED sharper, wishing to ingratiate himself with a clergyman, said, "Parson, I should like to hear you preach more than I can tell you." "Well," responded the clergyman, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday you would have heard me." "Where was that?" "In the county jail."

A LEADVILLE man, named Philip Jordan being jealous of his wife procured a coal-oil can, poured the contents over her dress, and lighting a match applied it to the garment. In an instant the woman was enshrouded by flames. The presence of mind of her daughter in throwing a quilt around Mrs. Jordan saved her from a horrible death.

An unfortunate Boston litigant, who had his case before a board of arbitrators, was bewailing the difficulty of getting five lawyers together when he wanted them to hold an examination. "I don't believe," he said, "I will ever get them to settle that case in this world. However," he added, brightening up, "there won't be any trouble about finding the lawyers together in the next."

SOME years ago a Paducah, Ky., man got a divorce from his wife on the ground of incompatibility of temper. The truth was he became disgusted with her, finding that in spite of all her efforts to part his hair in the middle it wouldn't stay parted. A terrible Nemesis pursued that man. He subsequently married a robust Indiana woman, and now the part in his hair reaches almost from ear to ear.

LIZZIE GALLAGHER was a prisoner in the Arizona Territorial prison serving a sentence for man-slaughter. But she was pardoned the other day on account of her youth and good conduct in prison, and because a marriage to a worthy man had been arranged for her immediately on her liberation. The petition for her pardon was signed generally by the citizens of Yuma, including the Judge before whom she was tried.

ABBIE HOWARD, driven from her home in Pender county, N. C., with her baby in her arms wandered ten miles, and at night was permitted by a farmer to sleep on the bare floor of an outhouse. He would give her no food, and in the morning she was driven away. On the second evening she staggered into a house where a religious meeting was in progress, and asked the worshippers to pray for her. Being unable to feed her baby, she had killed it.

A NOTORIOUS character by the name of J. W. Carnahan is incarcerated in Huron county, having been arrested for being the husband of too many wives. It is reported that twenty-seven foolish virgins were proposed to by this much-married man, and every one of them took the name of Carnahan. It is now proposed to put the said Carnahan in a place where there is no marrying nor giving in marriage. He is an oily-tongued rascal, and "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" he is very peculiar.

A MAN at Antwerp, Mich., thought he discovered a way to throw his sister-in-law out of his house, without committing what the law regarded as an assault. This was to take up the chair in which she sat and dump it through a window, including its occupant. He had a legal right, according to his theory, to do what he pleased with his own furniture. He executed this plan with violence. Though he was careful not to touch the woman, she was badly hurt by the fall. A Justice disregarded his argument and fined him \$25.

"CALAMITY" LAPHAM is the name of a man

who lives in Ottumwa, Iowa. He acquired his unhappy soubriquet from the numerous accidents of which he has been the victim. He was shot a dozen or more times in the war; was run over by a caisson and went to the bottom of the Mississippi river with a transport sunk at the siege of Vicksburg. Since the war he has had the cholera, small-pox, yellow fever, been bitten by a snake, struck by lightning, and had three ribs broken by a falling wall during an earthquake in one of the South American States. A few days ago his left hand was cut off in an Ottumwa mill.

THE young men of Hartford in the old colonial times must have had a hard time of it, judging by such regulations as this: "It is ordered that noe yonge man who is neither married nor has any servants and be noe public officer, shall keepe house by himself without the consent of the town where he lives first had, under pain of 20s per week." This seems intended to discourage celibacy: "It is ordered that noe man of a family shall give habitation or intertainment to any yonge man to sojourn in his family, but by the inhabitants of the said town where he dwells, under the like penalty of 20s per weeke."

A BALTIMORE belle of eighteen was in love with a young man of twenty-two, both moving in good circles of society. The young man was invited to the house of the girl, where he met her father and a clergyman. The father, revolver in hand, told him he must marry the girl or die. The minister demurred, when he was told to perform the marriage ceremony or he would be shot. The couple were married then and there. The husband escaped from the house and father, and brought suit for divorce. The Court granted a divorce, and issued a decree forbidding the girl to marry during the life of the young man.

ERNEST GRAHAM and Belle Roper started from Clement, Ill., for St. Louis, where they were to be married. They were accompanied by Lewis Lindsay, who was to be the groomsmen at the wedding, and a party of relatives and friends. Their train was delayed and they did not arrive in St. Louis until too late to have the ceremony performed at the appointed time. But a postponement was not the only disarrangement of the programme. Miss Roper announced that during the journey she had changed her mind and would not marry Graham, but would request the clergyman to make her the wife of Lindsay, which was done.

SOMEBODY in Covington, Ga., has projected a new scheme for the promotion of matrimony. It is proposed that an association of bachelors over 27 years of age be organized, each member paying \$10 into a common fund. The first man that marries will be entitled to all the money in the treasury, when a new assessment of \$10 each is to be levied upon the remaining members, and the struggle will begin afresh to secure the "pot." Only 20 members will be allowed to join, and the last man in the procession will have to pay heavily for his single blessedness, just as the "last man" in an assessment life insurance concern finds himself left in the cold.

A PRACTICAL joker in Cleveland is in trouble. Meeting a couple of idle workmen on the street a few days ago he inquired whether they desired work. Being answered in the affirmative, he pointed to the mansion of a wealthy resident of Euclid avenue, and told them to take the roof off, adding that his uncle, who resided there, was crazy, and they must pay no attention to him. The men secured others to help them, and immediately commenced the work of demolition despite the protests of the occupant of the house. Finally the aid of the police were invoked, and the men were compelled to desist. A suit for damages has been commenced against the joker.

A VERY sad incident occurred in Chicago recently. A young man in Boston fell violently in love with a Chicago girl who visited that city last summer, and endeavored, by taking her to Bunker Hill monument, Joe Cook's lectures, the semi-annual meeting of the Massachusetts State Association for the Diffusion of Knowledge Concerning Pre-Adamite Man, and other edifying but inexpensive resorts, to express the affection he was too bashful to declare. After the young lady had returned to her native heath she received a letter from the Boston person, and answered it as follows: "Dear Henry, you ask if I return your love. Yes, Henry, I have no use for it, and return it with many thanks. By-bye, Hank."

ONE of the ludicrous incidents connected with the recent accident on the Canada Southern Railway was that of a man who was thrown through one of the windows of a sleeping car in his night shirt. He was the first person that Conductor Macomber saw after reaching terra firma, wildly gesticulating and whooping at the top of his voice: "A dollar for the man who brings me my pants!" Then minute after minute he grew more and more chilled and every now and again he added 25 cents to his offer until it reached \$2.75. Having got to this figure he declared that he would not give another cent, and proceeded to inquire from those around him whether they could not furnish him with the desired garment.

In less than one short year from his wedding day Charles L. Pendleton has proven false to his marriage vows, as his wife, Libbie Pendleton, alleges in her petition for divorce. The

Pendletons live in Rockport, and were married in April, 1880. In January last, Charles, it is alleged, became enamored of a woman of easy virtue named Annie Duffy, alias Lill Robinson, and he thereupon rented a room in a block on Prospect street ostensibly for himself and wife, and installed the festive Annie, alias Lill, therein as his wife. Mrs. Pendleton, thinking that her husband was proving somewhat wayward, instituted an investigation of affairs in her own behalf, which resulted in her finding the truant Charles and his mistress together in the room on Prospect street. She immediately commenced the proceedings for a divorce, and asks to be restored to her maiden name of Libbie Elwell.

A REMARKABLY rosy-faced young lady turned her ankle while crossing the street and fell in a faint almost in Sillibub's arms. Sillibub is a modest man, a very modest man, and the situation was a trying one; but he managed to refrain from dropping his lovely burden in the dirty snow and got her into the corner store, a crowd following. "Give her some water," cried one. The water was presented to her lips, but she did not drink. "Bathe her face with it," said another. Sillibub was about to follow the advice when a sudden thought struck him. He laid down the glass and whispered in horrified accents: "Perhaps she's painted!" He had broken the spell. Two eyes and one mouth opened and one little tongue was set in motion. The fainter founced out of Sillibub's arms like a mackerel out of a fish basket, at the same time informing Sillibub that he was "a great mean ugly thing, there!"

A RUINED FUTURE AVERTED.

Annie Lynn's Narrow Escape—Joyful Ending of a Bad Beginning.

Annie Lynn is a handsome young blonde, and resides at Belmont Station, Ohio. Like all beautiful girls she had a lover. On Friday last the pair arrived at Zanesville at 4 o'clock in the morning, and inquired for a hotel. Officers Arter and Campbell conducted them to the St. Lawrence, where the man registered as A. M. King, of Wheeling. The officers at once suspected that from the youthful appearance of the girl that all was not right, and began to ply the man with questions.

Having ordered but one room, the officers inquired if they were man and wife, and were at first told that they were, but upon closer questioning they admitted that they were not married. The man then threw a five-dollar bill into Campbell's hands with the remark, "Will that close your eye?" The officer took the money for a moment and King and his female companion went to their room. The officers at once took in the situation, and believing that they might save the young girl from a seducer, went to the room and demanded admission. They were at first refused, but finally the door was opened and the man given back his five dollars, and both were marched off to the lock-up, the girl, however, being given her choice to remain at the hotel or go to the lock-up, but preferring to remain with her lover, she went to the station, where they remained for several hours, and were finally released upon giving proper assurance that they were going to get married and had a right to get married.

The man proved to be Maynard Mackisson, clerk in a hotel at Belmont station, and the girl Annie Lynn, daughter of the hotel-keeper at the same place. Mackisson left on the first train for Belmont county to procure a license, while Miss Annie occupied a room at the St. Lawrence. She declined to talk, except to say that she was eighteen years of age.

Lieutenant Fineral received a dispatch from the father of the girl, requesting him to arrest both parties unless they would get married. If Mackisson would marry the girl the father said he had no objection. At the time the dispatch was received Mackisson was in Belmont county, and returning next day the youthful pair were married.

This action of the young man is highly commendable, and justifies the faith the young blonde had in him.

IN THE TOILS.

How a Denison Citizen was Done for in St. Louis.

A well known citizen of Denison, Texas, visited St. Louis. He is a married man at home, but when abroad, if it suits his convenience, he passes as one of "the boys," and is always ready for a lark. After registering at one of the large hotels, the gentleman proceeded out to see the sights of the metropolis—and he saw them. While passing up Fourth street, and noticing the scores of promenaders and shoppers, a finely dressed young woman with beautiful black eyes, engrossed his attention, and some strange magnetic influence attracted the gentleman to her side, and together they walked and chatted as though they had been acquainted for years. She said that she was a married woman, and invited the Denison gentleman to accompany her to her apartments. "Are you married?" asked the lady. "No," answered the Denison gentleman—forgetting that he had a wife and several small children at home.

The gay deceiver was only too delighted to

do himself the pleasure of visiting the lady at her apartments. She was ushered into handsomely appointed rooms, and throwing off his overcoat he laid it on a chair. When he left the next morning, he discovered that he was minus \$100, which he placed in his vest pocket. He returned to the house, confident that his newly made acquaintance had stolen the money. He demanded the money of the fair charmer, but she declared that she knew nothing about it, and that he must have lost it before he came there. She had mistaken him for a gentleman, and was amazed at his accusations. After a short parley he left, damning his eyes for being taken in so nicely.

When he goes away from home again he will not be ensnared by a pair of black eyes and a pretty face. "Be virtuous and you will be happy," even if you do miss lots of fun.

FEMALE MODELS.

The Handsome Kentucky Grass Widow Who Poses For Parisian Artists.

Among the female models in Paris is one from Kentucky. She is of Bourbon County, in the renowned Blue Grass region, but removed with her parents to Louisville when she was sixteen. There she was married to a young man, the son of a prominent and prosperous merchant, and they came abroad on a bridal tour, expecting to remain two or three years in Europe. Her husband had been rather fast from boyhood, and there his fastness speedily degenerated into ardent profligacy.

His coarse immorality so alienated her affections that she had come to the conclusion that she could not live with him much longer unless he should reform. While in this quandary he relieved her from any anxiety as to the course she should take by running off with a notorious lorette, who had, for the time, completely fascinated him.

His flight left her unprovided for—he was already in debt, and she knew not where to turn for support. She could have written to his parents or her own, but her pride was so hurt by his desertion that she scorned to receive or ask aid from anybody. She could embroider very well—having acquired that accomplishment at a Convent in Kentucky, where she had been educated—and she put her talent to use. She changed her name; went into humble lodgings in the Latin Quarter, and, by toiling fourteen hours a day, managed to subsist. She was twenty-two; she was singularly handsome and had a superb figure. She knew as well as one could tell her how many hundreds of men there were in that licentious city who would buy her at her own price. But she felt a proud satisfaction in the thought that she was not for sale.

After a few months she became acquainted with a German art student living on the floor below her, and he, seeing her poverty and admiring her beauty, spoke of her becoming a model. The idea was abhorrent to her at first, but assured that virtuous girls were oft models, and having seen and talked with those who were models, she finally consented to be one herself.

In the beginning, she declined to expose anything except her arms and bust, and even this overwhelmed her with shame. But she soon found that the painters and students regarded her so abstractedly that she ceased to experience any sense of confusion before them. After awhile she was willing to stand for full lengths, and now she admits that she thinks nothing of her wholly undraped poses. She also testifies that the men of the palette and brush never show her the slightest discourtesy, and that, with all their external roughness, they are gentlemen at heart. I have heard her spoken of by many of the artists, and they all say that her reputation is spotless. The Frenchmen are at a loss to account for her peculiarities, as they consider them. They can not comprehend how she can be poor, and young, and beautiful, and yet remain virtuous. They have named her the "Yankee Goddess of Chastity."

"TRAGIC SCENES, BUT FUNNY.

A most singular and mysterious death has occurred at Tateville, a little village south of Somerset, Ky. One of the principals in the strange affair is James Barnett, who, after eating a hearty dinner, went out into the yard to chop wood. A few moments after he came in the house and told his wife to call in his friends—that he "would be a dead man in an hour." She started out and got a lot of friends, and when they came in he was dead. A short time after a son-in-law of the man came and ate at the same table, and becoming deathly sick threw up his dinner. A dog-eat-the-vomit and died in five minutes, but the strange part of the business is to come.

When Barnett was laid out on the cooling board, a large, strange cat came into the room, and as soon as he caught sight of the dead man, turned over on his head, and continued standing in that position. He was kicked aside, but would fall on his head. Becoming troublesome he was killed, but when caught a strange gurgling was heard in his throat, like that of a strangled man.

No clue to the death of Barnett has been found, but the people say that his wife threatened to kill her husband.

DESPERATE DOG FIGHT.

Death of one of the Contestants—An Amazon's Startling Defiance.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The long-expected dog fight between a representative of Philadelphia and one of Long Island, occurred at a place on Long Island a few days ago. The widespread reputation of the dogs that were to fight led all who knew of the match to expect a stubborn battle in which the victor would have to work hard for his laurels.

It was well known that Tom Sylvester, a dog fancier of Philadelphia, had matched his dog Paddy, of English bull-terrier breed, against Charley Conklin's Toby, for \$500 a side. Paddy's regular weight is twenty-seven pounds, but one of the conditions of the match was that he should enter the pit at twenty-one pounds. Paddy is an imported English red and white dog, with a cherry-colored nose, two years old, and has never fought for money in this country before. Toby was also imported from England. He is a brindle and white, finely formed and high stationed, but by the side of Paddy he seemed small. His regular weight is twenty-five pounds. He was in excellent condition. Toby is three years old, and had fought two hard battles before. The first was with the bitch Rose, and it ended in a draw. He won his second battle with a dog named Yank.

Both dogs tipped the scale at 21 pounds each. Two hundred and fifty persons assembled in the pit. A more noisy assemblage than that at a dog fight cannot well be imagined. The pit was of the regulation dimensions, twelve feet square and thirty-four inches high. A well-known sporting man from Philadelphia was agreed upon for referee and timekeeper. Philadelphia won the toss as to which corner they should take, but lost the toss that decided which must wash first. Paddy was brought in, blanketed, sponged with warm water, and then "tasted,"—that is, the handler's mouth was applied to the dog's hide to ascertain whether any pernicious or poisonous drugs had been used in the washing. Paddy was then again blanketed, and hidden behind a screen in his



WELL-MERITED REBUKE.

A PRETTY BOSTON GIRL TEACHES SOME UNGENTLEMANLY "HUBITES" A LESSON IN POLITENESS.



GREAT DOG CONTEST.

STRANGE ACTIONS OF ONE OF THE "HANDLERS" WIVES—A PUGILISTIC FEMALE; LONG ISLAND.



AN AWFUL SQUIRT.

AN INNOCENT LOVER'S ENCOUNTER WITH A SYRINGE—DREADFUL CONSEQUENCES; ROCKLAND, ILL.

hours had been spent the dogs backed and dodged, let go and got new holds, with the skill and wariness of catch-as-catch-can wrestlers. At the end of four hours and a half, both dogs were almost torn to pieces.

At this time the Philadelphians were jubilant, as they saw Toby begin to weaken again, although he had a tight hold on Paddy's jaw. The latter had Toby down and dragged him around the pit to a corner. There Paddy broke Toby's hold, and caught Toby by the throat, evidently determined to choke him to death.

At this stage, to the disgust of the crowd in the pit, the barn was broken into by a rough crowd of outsiders. The more peaceable spectators made a rush for the door of the barn to escape being crushed. The scene baffles description. Volleys of expletives filled the air. On getting outside the buzz and roar of excited voices increased.

Finally Conklin, to save his dog Toby from being killed, offered \$250 to the backers of Paddy to make a draw of the fight. Toby was then lying almost lifeless in the pit. Conklin's offer was accepted by the backers of Paddy, with the proviso that Conklin should let Paddy have a scratch. This was agreed to, and Paddy was taken up by his handler and sponged off, and then let loose. He rushed over to Toby's corner, apparently as strong as ever, while poor Toby was lying nearly dead. The referee decided all outside bets off.

The time of this desperate battle was five hours and nine minutes. This is the longest fight on record, excepting a fight that occurred some twenty-five years ago in this city, between Harry Jennings' Glasgow Billy and Hughie McNulty's dog Lew. This fight lasted five hours and twenty-seven minutes, and it was won by Glasgow Billy.

After the fight Toby fell into a fit and died.

A WELL-MERITED REBUKE.

The Gallantry of "Hubites"—Class Distinction in Boston.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A lady, elegantly attired, upon entering a Boston horsecar was tendered half a dozen



"PINK" PRATT,

UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH, ATLANTA, GA.



PETER PELKE,

MURDERER OF CHARLES TACKE, HELENA, M. T.

corner, so that he could not see the other dog. Toby was submitted to the same treatment.

Then the handlers, Sylvester and Conklin, each searched the other's clothes, turning the pockets inside out, and looking into their hats and boots to see whether they had any poisonous drug concealed about their persons.

The betting was lively at \$100 to \$75 on Paddy, with many takers, and much money was staked. The opening of the battle was exciting. The dogs rushed together with loud snarls, every muscle rigid, and grappled with the greatest ferocity. The sharp teeth were quickly put to work, and the sharp snapping of the strong jaws told how desperate the fighting was. The dogs stood up and wrestled like athletes for the advantage. Within two minutes Toby was thrown on the floor, with Paddy's teeth fastened in his throat. The Philadelphians shouted until the proprietor warned the crowd that he would turn them out if they, to use his expression, "made a prayer meeting of his barn."

Toby seemed to enjoy the shaking he got, and was soon upon his feet again; but the strength and skill of his antagonist was too much for him, and Toby went down again and again. All the while they were biting and tearing each other. Presently, greatly to the astonishment of all present, Conklin's wife, a large, muscular woman, rushed into the pit, in a crazed state of excitement, and shouted out: "Sylvester, you bleeding swain, if you do anything wrong to my husband or Toby, — I will fight you in the pit, after the battle is over, and lick you sure!"

After two hours' fighting Toby turned the tables by throwing Paddy, and, boring his lance-like teeth into his throat, shook him violently. To vary his manner of fighting he occasionally dragged the Philadelphia favorite around the pit, all the while inflicting dreadful punishment. The hours had passed, when Toby had the call at \$100 to \$70. After four

seats by as many polite gentlemen occupants. She accepted one. Presently a poor colored woman, aged and overworked, entered the car with a clothes basket. Not a polite gentleman rose. The rich lady laid her dainty glove on the wrinkled hand and quietly seated poor Africa in her place, arranging the basket conveniently at her feet. The male indifference fled at once. There were seats for the elegant lady on the right and left, which she frigidly declined. After a moment a large, fine-looking man arose, and touching his hat said gravely, as the color deepened in his face: "I deserved your rebuke. Will you kindly take my seat?" She accepted his apology and his seat.

AN AWFUL SQUIRT.

An Innocent Lover's Encounter With a Syringe—Dreadful Consequences.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A Rockland, Illinois, young man, until quite recently was courting a fat girl at the north end, and progressed very favorably with his suit. One evening last week he dressed up in his best clothes, carefully combed his hair, and started out to make his tri-weekly visit to his fair one, who was waiting in the parlor with fond expectation in her heart and a cold in her head, superinduced by the fluctuating weather. This was, as you might say, the prologue to the tragedy. It appears, moreover, that the fat girl's father—who is worth many thousand dollars in good, sensible bonds, and, as a consequence, is an object of the young man's tender regard—had for several nights previous been the victim of some unknown miscreant who had raided on his hen-pen with disastrous effect. Sick of such foolishness, he had prepared a ghastly retribution for the fowl villains, and to this end had filled a big garden syringe with about a gallon of ancient beef brine, seasoned with garlic, and flavored with assa-

for the henry; b is the old man; d is the young man lightly turning to thoughts of love as well as the corner of the fence; c is the house itself, painted brown; and f is the fat girl sitting by the piano and singing "Father, dear father, come home," gggg is the gathering darkness.

Gayly up the back yard the young man comes. Silently in ambush the old man lies. Cheerily the fat girl warbles. Quiet but awful is the syringe. In the uncertain light of early evening the old man sees a figure stealthily drawing near his guarded pen. With bated breath he waits the onslaught. The syringe sounds its dreadful "wh-s-s-h-p," and its deadly contents fly through the air like a wild and mad avenger. A yell that tore the fat girl off the piano stool and curdled the old man's blood, followed the discharge, and when the neighbors rushed in, under the impression that the Blaine boom had burst right in the neighborhood, they found the unfortunate young man pawing madly around on the ground, and screaming out awful Mexican words terrible to hear, while the old man hovered over the scene with the syringe in his hands, looking like an animated figure escaped from an allegory. Sympathizing arms bore the young man into the house, after their owners had stopped their nostrils with cotton, and it required the combined efforts of the fat girl and eight friends to bring him to, and it was some hours before he was able to inquire if the meteor hit anybody else when it struck. That night, beneath the darksome shade of a cypress tree, whose thick branches the struggling moonbeams vainly strove to pierce, an old man's tottering form rested upon a spade, and silently viewed a new-made grave. He had just buried the syringe. — *Rockland Courier.*

Rudolph Goetz, Skater.

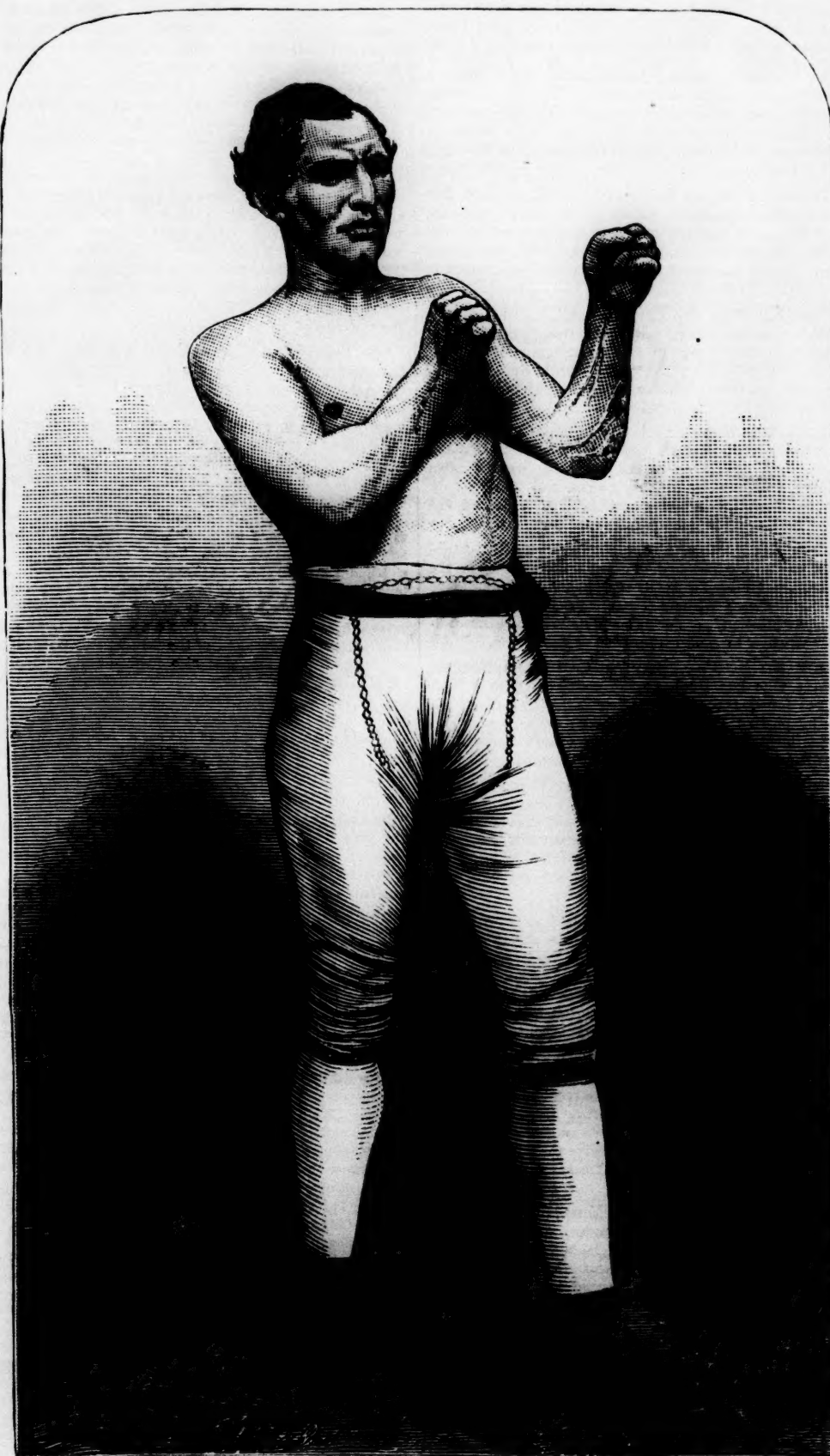
[With Portrait.]

The subject of this sketch, Mr. Rudolph Goetz, of Milwaukee, Wis., who recently made such a valiant struggle, under adverse circumstances, to wrest the skating championship of America from John Ennis, as the *POLICE GAZETTE's* entry, is related to one of Milwaukee's best known German families. He was born in Prussia in 1854, and, is therefore, 27 years old. He is 5 feet 5 inches in height, and weighs 155 pounds. Mr. Goetz is of light complexion, but not particularly German in feature or general appearance. Of his abilities and skill as a skater, and speed and endurance as a runner, a good deal may be said. He has made the fastest time for 50 miles ever accomplished by either professional or amateur, having skated that distance in 4 hours and 23 minutes; and there is really no other 50-mile record to compare with it.

Mr. Goetz's record is as follows:
10 miles—43m. 50s. Rudolph Goetz, Milwaukee, Wis., Feb. 1879. (Best record).

20 miles—1h. 31m. 40s. Rudolph Goetz (same date and also best record).
30 miles—2h. 28m. 58s.

40 miles—3.27.02.
50 miles—4.23.43.
Mr. Goetz is not only a skater, but also one



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

JOE COBURN,

EX-CHAMPION PUGILIST OF AMERICA.

of the fastest runners in the country. He has run the Milwaukee Driving Park course—one mile—in 5:15. He drew a sulky around the same course in 7:20.

The *POLICE GAZETTE* has such confidence in Mr. Goetz's ability as a skater, that it is willing to back him again, for any amount, against any man in America.

Nature's Freak.

At Akron, Ohio, a child 4½ years old, of healthy parents and sound organization in every respect, has from birth up to this time showed an unequal development in its two sides from head to foot.

A careful examination of the boy and exact measurement of the two sides was made by several doctors. As a result of the comparison of the two sides it was found that the left arm is 1½ inches longer than the right; left leg nearly an inch longer than the right; the circumference of the left thigh 2¼ inches greater than that of the right and the left half of the chest 1½ inches greater than the right. The little fellow has always enjoyed the best of health, is bright and intelligent and has equally good control of the two sides with a small majority of strength in the larger limbs. Medical literature reveals nothing like it in the most important particulars, though several cases somewhat similar have been published. In those cases, however, the cause was apparent, being due either to a disease or injury of the person or of the parents; while in this there seems to be no satisfactory explanation of the anomaly. For such a noticeable effect there certainly must be a cause and upon this point there is plenty of ground for the pathologist to theorize.

Hiram W. Howe.

[With Portrait.]

This week we present to our readers a portrait of Hiram W. Howe, who is too well known to necessitate any extended biography at our hands. He was formerly prominent in trotting circles as a driver, and in that capacity earned a reputation that he might well be proud of. At present he is proprietor of the Gentlemen's Driving Park on the Coney Island road, and occasionally handles the lines for some of our leading citizens who possess "flyers." He also has a hotel on the road, where New York and Brooklyn men congregate to extol the qualities of their equine possessions.

JOE COBURN,

Ex-Champion Pugilist of America.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a picture of Joe Coburn, the noted pugilist, who has fought several times for the championship of America. We recently published all of Coburn's great battles in the prize ring, and the hundred thousand readers of the *POLICE GAZETTE* will find the noted pugilist's full history in No. 149, which will be mailed on receipt of ten cents.

A famous surgeon advises one of his patients to undergo an operation. "Is it very severe?" asks the patient. "Not for the patient," says the doctor; "we put him to sleep; but very hard on the operator." "How so?" "We suffer terrible from anxiety. Just think, it only succeeds once in a hundred times."



RUDOLPH GOETZ,

THE POLICE GAZETTE'S CHAMPION FIFTY-MILE SKATER, OF MILWAUKEE, WIS.



HIRAM W. HOWE,

PROPRIETOR OF GENTLEMEN'S DRIVING PARK, CONEY ISLAND ROAD.

Sporting News

SPORTING ITEMS FROM CORRESPONDENTS SHOULD BE FORWARDED EARLY IN THE WEEK TO INSURE INSERTION.

In a private trial in England Rowell covered 610 miles.

HINDOO promises to be the crack three-year-old for 1881.

LONG Taw is said to be a better race-horse than his sire, Longfellow.

At Albany, last week, H. M. Dufur defeated Captain Daly in a mixed wrestling match.

The Lincolnshire handicap, one-mile run, Wednesday, March 23, has 114 subscribers.

The Chester Cup, two miles and a quarter run, Wednesday, May 11, has 47 subscribers.

MICHAEL CLIFFORD, of Brooklyn, offers to walk any man in America five miles for \$300 a side.

WILLIAM MULDOON and John McMahon have postponed their wrestling match until after the 1st of March.

AMY HOWARD, of San Francisco, challenges any lady pedestrienne in America to run and walk six days for \$1,000.

M. J. BARRY foolishly offers to bet \$500 or \$1,000 that he can beat any man in America in a six-day go-as-you-please race.

WARREN E. SMITH, of Halifax, N. S., has challenged George Homer, the Boston oarsman, to row three miles for \$1,000 a side.

LOOK out for No. 1 of "Fistiana's Heroes," Jem Mace, the champion pugilist of the world, published by the POLICE GAZETTE.

ALEY FINDLAY, better known as "Alec Keene," the famous English pugilist, died Jan. 30, 1881, at Hampton Court, London, Eng.

JOHNNY ROCHE, of New York, offers to match Paddy Ryan to fight Jack Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., for \$2,500 a side. The fight to take place in Canada.

HARRY MAYNARD offers to match Homer Lane to wrestle any 150-pound man in America for \$500. If Lane would return East he would find plenty of matches.

JOHN HUGHES claims that Rowell must arrange a race with him. Hughes is training, and if he continues to do any pedestrian that beats him will have to cover 610 miles.

WHERE was the wrestling match between Bauer and Whistler arranged? We still hold \$25 forfeit with a challenge issued by Bauer to Whistler. There is a screw loose somewhere.

WHEN Laycock returns to Australia, Rush, who has won all the best races of the past season, will offer to row him. His friends are willing to back him against Laycock for \$500.

JACK STEWART, the heavy-weight pugilist of Canada, will be tendered a grand benefit at Boston on March 1st. Stewart offers to have a purse subscribed for George Rooke to box with him.

JOHN H. BREWER has agreed to give Dr. Talbot satisfaction, and they will again shoot at 100 birds each, find, trap and handle for each other, for \$250 a side, at the Brooklyn Driving Park, L. I., Feb. 22.

At San Francisco, on February 3, Homer Lane and James Johnson wrestled collar-and-elbow for a purse of \$100. Lane won the match, winning the second and third bouts, after Johnson won the first.

A SEVENTY-TWO hours go-as-you-please race, contestants to travel twelve hours daily, for a divided purse of \$900, is announced to take place at Wagner's Opera House, Bradford, Penn., March 21 to 28.

RECENTLY at London, Eng., John Keen defeated David Stanton in a fifty-mile bicycling match. When Keen had covered 30 1/4 miles he was 5 1/4 miles in front, and Stanton abandoned the hopeless chase.

ED MCGLINCHY, of Bridgeport, Conn., the champion middle-weight pugilist of New England, is to meet Mike Donovan, of Brooklyn, the ex-middle-weight champion of America, in a glove contest at Turn Hall.

ONE would judge that the West Virginia authorities could put the State funds to better use than paying detectives to scour the country after pugilists, merely because they invaded their State and fought for \$1,000.

OWNEY GEOGHEGAN, the noted Bowery, N. Y., sporting man says, that he will match an Unknown to fight any man in the world at catch weights, according to the rules of the London Prize Ring, for \$1,000 to \$3,000 a side.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT, ex-champion sculler of England, is a bankrupt. Since he lost the championship of England he has been considered a failure as a sculler, and now to have failed in business as well as in sculling, is a severe blow to him.

JOHN MCMAHON accepts the challenge issued by B. Mendelson, wherein the latter agreed to match Bibby to wrestle any man in the world, catch-as-catch-can, for \$500 to \$5,000. McMahon, however, stipulates that jackets must be worn.

GEORGE POTVIN defeated Charles Anthony (colored) in a fight in a stable at Sandy Hill, N. Y., Feb. 5. Potvin had the fight in his hands from the start, badly punishing his antagonist, and winning in 11 rounds, lasting 17 minutes, 30 seconds.

BEMIS, the Chicago turfman, offers to make a race with his pacer Sorrel Dan against Maud S. and St. Julien, each to put in \$2,500, the Chicago Driving Park to add \$10,000, the winner to take the whole or to divide it in the ratio of \$750 to 25 per cent.

RICHARD K. FOX, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, has posted a forfeit of \$100 with the Spirit of the Times and issued a challenge offering to match Rudolph Goetz, of Milwaukee, Wis., to skate against any man in the world, 50 or 100 miles, for \$250 or \$500 a side.

JOHN H. CLARK, the noted pugilist, Frank Gornley and James Dawson will give \$150 to be run for in their second All United States 135 Yards Handicap on Easter Monday, April 18, to take place at the Lamb Tavern Track, Philadelphia. Entrance, \$1; acceptance, \$1.

BEFORE a great while oarsmen who are now prominent will be obliged to step back and make way for new aspirants for both the amateur and professional championship of the world. It will be many a day before the aquatic world will be able to boast of another Hanlan.

At Norwich, Eng., January 24, Fish Smart, the champion English skater, won the Norfolk Stakes, one mile, one turn, on fair ice, defeating W. Harrison easily by sixty yards in the final heat. His fastest time was made in his heat with J. Bone, whom he beat with ease in 3 minutes 26 1/5 seconds.

At New York, on February 14, Tom Lane, the noted English pugilist, died in the New York Hospital. He was a nephew of the once famous Hammer Lane who fought Yankee Sullivan nearly forty years ago in England. Lane was a noted light-weight and was brought to this country by O'Leary Geoghegan.

FRED KROHNE, the Prussian, who has covered 536 miles in 142 hours, is boasting that he can outwalk either O'Leary or Vaughan in a six-day contest. Well, if Krohne had a backer with \$5,000 to spare, Krohne would soon find out that he underrated O'Leary's abilities and overrated his own speed and endurance.

WESTON is bound to be a contestant in the next Astley Belt contest. As to the possibility of delay in the match by reason of the preceding contest with O'Leary, Vaughan and O'Leary's unknown, Weston only said that Rowell would have until April 27 to defend the Astley Belt, according to the rules that govern it.

JOHN MCMAHON, the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on the 23d inst., and posted a forfeit of \$100 and left a challenge offering to match William L. Kennedy to wrestle William Johnson of Rutland, Vt., or any middle-weight collar-and-elbow wrestler in America for \$250 or \$500 a side.

RICHARD K. FOX, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, who has Hughes under contract, offers to back Hughes for \$5,000 a side, and proves that he means business by posting \$250 forfeit. Rowell will either have to accept the challenge or allow Hughes to style himself the long-distance pedestrian champion of the world.

OWING to the success of John Hughes, the POLICE GAZETTE's entry in the recent contest for the O'Leary International Champion Belt and the six day pedestrian championship of the world, Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, has decided to enter an unknown in the coming contest for the O'Leary Belt, now held by Frank Hart.

An important billiard match has been arranged between George F. Slosson, the champion, and Jacob Shaefer, the ex-champion. On April 12, in this city, the rival champions are to commence a game of 4,000 points for \$4,000, champion game rules. A forfeit of \$1,000 has been posted, and the balance is to be deposited on April 1. Look out for a great game.

WHAT profit is it for American pedestrians to journey to England to compete for the Astley Belt? In the last contest in England, after the receipts were divided between the manager of Agricultural Hall, Rowell and Littlewood, Dobler, the only American pedestrian that covered 450 miles, did not even receive the amount of his entrance fee, \$500, owing to the expense being so large and the receipts so small.

On Jan. 29, near Sheffield, Eng., Joe Goodwin and Wally Ward fought for a purse. The battle was severely contested up to the tenth round, when Goodwin received a tremendous blow on the fore part of the head, which sent him down and appeared to completely unnerve him. Shortly after, his supporters declined to allow him to continue the fight. Both men were severely punished, and were taken home and put to bed.

THERE is every indication that the Amateur Championship Athletic Meeting in New York city, Sept. 24, will be honored by the presence and competition of R. S. Haley and J. T. Belcher of the San Francisco, Cal., Olympic Athletic Club. They are the two fastest amateurs west of the Rocky Mountains. Haley has the fastest record in America at 300 and 320 yards, and has done some wonderful private trials at 220 and 440 yards.

It is understood that Sir John Astley has consented to allow the next contest for the Astley Belt to be decided at Madison Square Garden. Rowell is silent on the subject. Among the American pedestrians are Frank Hart, Abel's Unknown of New York (Harry Howard), O'Leary's Unknown (John Dobler), and Richard K. Fox of the POLICE GAZETTE will enter John Hughes. The English pedestrians entered are: George Hazael, Littlewood and Rowell.

THERE is no official book of rules governing wrestling contests, and by request of many wrestlers in the next issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we shall publish rules for collar-and-elbow wrestling which will govern all future contests. The rules now in force will hereafter not be considered authority, and all wrestling matches for the collar-and-elbow championship of America will be required to abide by the rules framed and adopted by the POLICE GAZETTE.

EDWARD HANLAN, the Champion oarsman, has succeeded in easily beating all the champions of the old and new world, and proved beyond question that he is one of the physical wonders of the nineteenth century. Now that Hanlan is the premier oarsman of the world he should retire, as he has gained fame and glory enough. Long may he live to wear the proud champion laurels he has so gallantly won, is the POLICE GAZETTE's greeting to America's Champion Oarsman.

It has been fully decided to send L. E. Meyers, the amateur sprint runner, who has made such excellent records at 100, 250, 500 and 1,000 yards, to the Athletic games in London this year, and there is also a rumor that efforts will be made to send J. S. Voorhees, of the Brooklyn Athletic Club, abroad to compete in hurdle-racing and running long jumping. A better plan would be to send these two men and E. E. Merrill, of Boston, the champion amateur walker at short distances, as a team to represent the United States. This would prove a trio hard to beat, and if the men travelled and worked together they would encourage and help one another in a great many minor details. Merrill is undoubtedly the best amateur walker ever known in this country, and would win fame and laurels in England.

We always understood that O'Leary walks for money, not for pastime. It is only two months ago that Luke Welsh, the noted sporting man, was with O'Leary in the POLICE GAZETTE office. Welsh offered to wager \$5,000 that he had a pedestrian that could beat O'Leary walking six days, at the same time posting a forfeit of \$25 with Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE. O'Leary also posted \$25 and agreed to arrange a match for \$5,000. Welsh said "Krohne was the Unknown" and agreed to meet at this office to arrange a match. O'Leary was on hand at the time named but Welsh failed to appear, and O'Leary received the forfeit. Before O'Leary will attend to any challenge he authorizes us to state that challenges must be accom-

panied with a forfeit of \$500 and be deposited with the POLICE GAZETTE to insure his attention.

On Feb. 17th, Paddy Ryan, the champion pugilist of America, was arrested at Albany, N. Y., by detectives from West Virginia for participating in a prize fight with Joe Goss last June, in Brooke county, West Virginia. The officers had a requisition from Governor Matthews, and were bound to escort the Troy giant to West Wheeling, Va. While the officers were escorting him to the depot, Ryan's friends procured a *habes corpus*, which was served on the officers. In the meantime they held fast to Ryan, and escorted him to the Globe Hotel, where he remained all night. In the morning, while proceeding to the court, Ryan asked the officers to allow him to visit his saloon to arrange his business. The request was granted, and Ryan coolly left the saloon, shouting: "Keep them fellows inside!" Ryan escaped as the crowd blocked the doorway of the saloon and would not let the officers leave. This is the third time Ryan has escaped the clutches of the West Virginia detectives.

On Feb. 17, at New York, a prize fight with hard gloves was fought for a purse paid from the gate-money. The pugilists were Jimmy Kelly and a well-known colored boxer, named George Taylor. After the umpire had been selected, both men entered the ring in full fighting costume. Taylor was about two inches taller than his opponent, and ten pounds heavier. The betting was six to four in favor of Kelly. When time was called both men sparred cautiously for an opening. Kelly was the first to lead off, but was neatly stopped. On the second attempt he was more successful, and delivered a heavy left hander on Taylor's face. Taylor countered with his right, and several sharp exchanges followed. In the next ten rounds neither of the men seemed to gain any advantage over the other. In the twelfth round Kelly delivered several heavy blows on Taylor's face, which, although black, began to show signs of the severe punishment it had received. Kelly's face was also flushed and swollen. In the eighteenth round, during a severe struggle, Taylor was thrown heavily to the ground, and when carried to his corner it was found that his right shoulder was dislocated, and, being unable to respond to the call of time, Kelly was declared the winner. The fight lasted one hour and five minutes.

THE preliminaries for an important prize fight were arranged at Harry Hill's sporting house on the 16th inst. Patrick Houlihan, the Bowery shoe-maker, a relative of Paddy Ryan, and one of his backers in his match with Joe Goss for the championship of America, said he would match Ryan to fight any man in the world, and produced a huge roll of bills and said he would wager \$3,000 against \$2,500 that Ryan could whip anybody. James Magowan, manager of the POLICE GAZETTE, said he would accept the bet and produce an unknown to fight Ryan. Houlihan agreed to make the match and Magowan offered to bind the proposed match with a forfeit of \$20 a side, to be increased the following day at the POLICE GAZETTE office to \$100 a side. The amount was posted according to agreement with R. K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, and the backers of the unknown and Houlihan are to meet at this office on Saturday, 26th inst., to put up an additional \$250 a side and sign articles of agreement. The articles of agreement will stipulate that only one representative of each pugilist shall know the date and place of fighting, and they will only be allowed to notify the pugilists of the battle-ground the day before the date fixed for the contest. Under these circumstances the fight will be decided without the authorities interfering. Who the POLICE GAZETTE's Unknown is, is a mystery. It might be Al Greenfield, Tom Allen, Joe Goss or Jack Sullivan, of Boston. The amount of stakes suit Ryan, and he has agreed to fight, so there is every indication of the great match being arranged.

EDWIN BIBBY, "champion of England," and Capt. James Daly, "the Irish champion," a well-known athlete, wrestled in New York city on Feb. 17, catch-as-catch-can style, best in five falls, for \$500. There were about 500 spectators, among them being Rowell and Vaughan, the English pedestrians, with a party of friends, Sexton, the billiard player, and many other sporting men. Daly is 7 1/2 inches taller than Bibby, and weighs 35 pounds more. W. E. Harding, Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, was chosen referee. Bibby and Daly closed for the first round at 8:30 o'clock, and Bibby won the first fall in 13 minutes, during nearly the whole of which time he had Daly down on the carpet. Daly made a "bridge," but Bibby broke it down after lying on him for 5 minutes. The second fall was won by Daly in 6 minutes, and it seemed very much as though Bibby tried to let him win it. In the third bout the little man rushed at his opponent, leg-hooked him down on the stage, fell on top of him, picked him up like a spread-eagle, turned, and threw him on his back, and dropped on him to get his hips down. All this was done and the fall was gained by Bibby in 30 seconds. The fourth round was similar to the second, Bibby allowing Daly to turn him over quietly in 6 minutes. The fifth fall and the match was won by Bibby in 6 minutes, and the way he won it showed that he could just as well have won all five of the falls in 5 minutes. If the match was not a "hippodrome affair" it was very much like it; but it may be that Bibby, seeing what a sure thing he had on Daly, allowed the latter to get a few falls so as to make a "show" for the crowd who had paid to see it. The entire match, including rests, lasted only an hour and ten minutes. B. Medelson was the manager and John Purcell was the stakeholder.

ONE of the most interesting pedestrian matches that is to take place in this city is the international double race, in which Charles Rowell and William Vaughan, the English champions, are to travel six days for \$5,000 a side, against Daniel O'Leary and James Albert. The stakes have been posted and the race will commence at Madison Square Garden in March. Two tracks will be laid, in the same manner as when O'Leary competed against Hughes for the Astley belt. Rowell will run and walk against Albert, while Wm. Vaughan, who is supposed to be the champion walker of England, will walk six days against Daniel O'Leary. The two covering the most miles in the 142 hours will win the \$5,000. This race will be a puzzle for the betting men, and it will be hard to select the winners. Rowell, judging by his performances, should easily beat Albert, while O'Leary should easily beat Vaughan. O'Leary expects to cover 540 miles; Albert will surprise us if he covers 550, after his recent struggle for the O'Leary International Belt. Should O'Leary cover 540 and Albert 550, it would make their total score 1,090 miles. Rowell, it is claimed, can cover 580 miles, so that should he do so, Vaughan would only have to cover 511 miles to win, providing the American two do not exceed their limit. No matter how many miles are covered, it will be an interesting walking match between Vaughan and O'Leary, while the go-as-you-please part of the race will not at all be one-sided if Albert is carefully looked after and not allowed to do as he pleases on and off the track. The English two may win, but they will have blistered feet, aching bones and contracted muscles before they beat Albert and O'Leary. Following this great race, there may be a \$10,000 go-as-you-please race between John Hughes, the present long distance champion of the world, and Charles Rowell.

RECENTLY at O'Leary Geoghegan's "Old House at Home," 105 Bowery, Sam Breeze, the famous English heavy-weight pugilist, and Jim Carney, the English light-weight champion, appeared in a glove-fight for a purse subscribed by two noted Boston sporting men, who were eager to see the noted pugilists display their science according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules. As soon as it was known that Breeze and Carney were going to fight with gloves, the lower room was vacated and the crowd quietly packed the upper one. Both pugilists appeared in full ring costume. Carney when stripped had every appearance of a pugilist. Breeze is taller than Carney but the muscular development of the latter made up the advantage. The referee introduced the pugilists as follows: "This is Jim Carney, the light-weight champion of England. He is ready to fight any man in America for \$1,000 and the championship of light weights." Then turning to the tall, sturdy Breeze he said: "This is Sam Breeze, heavy-weight champion from England, who fought Alf Greenleaf for the championship, and he is ready to fight any man in America at 140 pounds." The pugilists then went to their respective corners, and on time being called came quickly to the mark. In the first round Breeze had the best of the out fighting but Carney fought him to the ropes and turned the tables amid the cheers of the crowd. In the second round the hitting was terrific and Carney, who is a wonder, drove Breeze against the ropes with a well delivered left-hander. Breeze was back again at the mark and landed twice on Carney's face with the left, when the latter again sent Breeze staggering against the ropes. Sharp fighting followed until the three minutes had expired and Carney had the best of the fighting. After one minute's rest time was called and the pugilists were quickly at the work. Carney forced the fighting and both pugilists fought all they knew how until the time had expired, and they then divided the purse, neither having gained any advantage.

THE Boston Herald has repeatedly published several attacks on Wm. E. Harding, the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, with malicious intent to injure his reputation as a pedestrian, bicycle rider and journalist. In reply Mr. Harding sent the following letter to R. M. Pulsifer, the proprietor of the Herald:

NEW YORK, Feb. 17, 1881.
R. M. PULSIFER.—Dear Sir: I have had numerous copies of the Boston Herald mailed me to this office by my many friends in Boston, and found they contain malicious lies. There is no reason that the Herald should constantly attack me merely because some of your staff dislike me. If it were the first time I should think nothing of the matter, but the Sporting Editor has time and time again attacked me, as I can prove by the slips which I have kept with date of issue. These lies have injured my reputation and my business, and are made without foundation. I have held the position of Sporting Editor of the New York Daily and Sunday News since April, 1867. I have been Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE of New York since June, and you know for over four years I was one of your sporting correspondents in New York, and afterward held that position on the Globe of your city for over two years. I never poisoned O'Leary (I was one of his trainers) when he competed against Rowell, although the Herald claimed I did. I have trained O'Leary in two 500 mile champion walks. I trained him when he met John Hughes for the Astley Belt, and when he walked and ran against Napoleon Campana and the betting was \$100 to \$7 that he would win. I trained him in the Astley Belt contest, when the Herald intimated I poisoned him, Rowell having won. I trained John Dobler in the O'Leary Belt contest and John Hughes, who was entered by the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE in the last race, in which he made the best time on record. I am not a poisoner, a thief or a fraud, as the Herald at various times from 1876 to date has stated. Now, Mr. Pulsifer, may I beg that these attacks in the Herald be stopped? And I hope that this contradiction will appear in your columns of next Sunday's Herald. I make money as a trainer of pedestrians. My reputation since Hughes won, by the largest score on record, is enhanced among the fraternity, and continued attacks may result in a loss of money and reputation to me. Yours respectfully,

W. E. HARDING,
Sporting Editor POLICE GAZETTE.

THE skating match for the Spirit of the Times championship belt, \$200, and the 100 mile championship of America was decided at the Polo Club grounds, New York, on Feb. 16. It was expected that John Ennis, the well known pedestrian, would be the only contestant and that he would win the trophy by a "walk over." In order to promote the sport and allow the public to witness an interesting contest, Richard K. Fox sent for Rudolph Goetz of Milwaukee, Wis., the latter being considered to be the champion of the West since Ennis has taken up his residence East. Goetz came on and Richard K. Fox posted \$100 and entered him for the race. James Magowan, the manager of the POLICE GAZETTE, superintended Goetz, and John Smith, "Happy Jack," attended Ennis. Wm. B. Curtis was referee. Both men had good previous records, Ennis being the 100 mile champion skater, having made that distance at Chicago on Jan. 7, 1879, in 11 h. 37m. 45s., and Goetz being the champion at 50 miles, having covered that distance at Milwaukee on Feb. 7, 1879, in 4h. 23m. 43 1/2s. The ice was soft and rotten in places and totally unfit for a fast skating match. Shortly before 12 o'clock, noon, the two contestants appeared on the track, Ennis dressed in his pedestrian suit of white Jersey tights and light blue trunks, and Goetz wearing a thick suit of heavy blue. At 12:20 p.m., in the presence of a handful of spectators, W. B. Curtis started the men, and away they fled at a good speed. Ennis, who is a much taller and finer built man than his opponent, strode along almost as if he was starting in a walking match, Goetz showing much better style as a skater. Goetz finished the first mile half a second ahead of his opponent, but Ennis soon settled down to work, and having passed Goetz in the third mile kept the lead throughout the remainder of the race. At the end of the fourth mile Ennis was a lap ahead. In the third lap of the seventh mile, as he was skating over the rotten ice at the end he fell, cutting his hand badly. Ennis at twenty miles was two miles and six laps ahead of his opponent, and the race was a monotonous one to watch as Ennis was evidently the superior man, and was increasing his lead perceptibly. Shortly after Ennis had completed his twenty-fourth mile he slipped up and again sprained his thumb. Ennis completed the thirtieth mile at 2h. 41m. 56s., Goetz having gone 25 miles and 5 laps. Between 3 and 4 o'clock Goetz rested several times and had his legs rubbed, and when Ennis reached his 40th mile he was 4 miles and 2 laps to the lead. Skating was very hard work after dark, and each of the skaters had frequent spills, but without doing themselves any damage. Between Ennis' eighth and eighty-first mile he stopped for nearly ten minutes, during which time Goetz skated away at a good pace. When Ennis stopped he was 5 miles and two laps ahead. When he went on the ice again he was only 3 miles and 6 laps to the good. He, however, soon increased his lead again, Goetz going very slowly for the last few miles of the race. Skating away in the most plucky style, Ennis finished the race at 10h. 59m. 2 1/2s., winning by 6 miles and 4 laps, having been 10h. 37m. 45 1/2s. on the ice.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALL LETTERS IN REGARD TO SPORTING MATTERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO WM. K. HARDING, SPORTING EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE, 183 WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.

SPORTING.

J. W., Leadville.—Coburn is now living at Auburn, N. Y.
S. W., Altoona, Pa.—Jem Mace never fought Tom Sayers.
H. W., Jersey City.—Rowell covered 146 1-7 miles in 24 hours.
G. P., Worcester, Mass.—O'Baldwin never fought Tom Allen.
D. M., Albany, N. Y.—Prof. Wm. Miller, the wrestler, is in Australia.

PATRON.—1. We have not the address. 2. W. H. Vanderbilt, New York City.
S. H., Worcester, Mass.—1. The American Prize Ring commenced in No. 141. 2. No.

W. G., St. Louis.—Jack Looney of your city is a professional pugilist. 2. Will reply in our next issue.

SCIPIO, Lockport, N. Y.—Michael Finnell, who murdered Ned O'Baldwin, the pugilist, was a native of Ireland.

M. H., Troy, N. Y.—1. A wine. Joshua Ward, the oarsman, is still living. 2. He was the first champion of America.

SAM, Parker's Landing, Pa.—Dr. J. Ruth broke 900 out of 1,000 glass balls, at San Francisco, California, in Oct., 1879.

S. W., Kansas City.—1. Wm. Long, alias the Crow Catcher, ran a mile in 4m. 2s. at Newmarket, Eng., Oct. 30, 1868. 2. No.

P. A. C., Portland, Me.—Competing in a race for or with professionals bars you from entering in any contest as an amateur.

WRESTLER, Boston, Mass.—Clarence Whistler, the wrestler, is a native of Pennsylvania. He is about 5ft. 7 1-2 in. and weighs 170 pounds.

SAM, Utica, N. Y.—1. Ned Searles, the champion jumper, is dead. He beat Hilly Bob Way and Loomis. 2. Searles' best jump was 13ft. 5 3-4 in.

P. W., Buffalo, N. Y.—The greatest distance ever ran in one hour is 11 miles 970 yards, by L. Bennett (Deerfoot) at London, Eng., April 3, 1863.

H. W., Toronto, Canada.—The life of Edward Hanlan is published by the POLICE GAZETTE. Send on 28 cents and the book will be mailed you.

HARRY, Boston.—Monitor and Glenmore ranked as first-class race-horses during last season, though Luke Blackburn could run right away from them.

H. W., Port Jervis, N. Y.—Paddy Ryan and Johnny Dwyer never fought in the ring. 2. They were matched but they failed to select a stake holder.

S. P., Rochester, N. Y.—1. Holske's picture appeared in last week's POLICE GAZETTE. 2. We understand he is willing to walk any man in America 25 miles.

P. W., Pittsburgh, Pa.—The fastest time on record for running one mile is 4m. 17 1-4 s., made by Bill Long and Bill Richards in a dead heat in England.

CHARLEY, Springfield, Mass.—1. John Hughes has covered the most miles in six days, viz., 568. 2. Rowell's best record is 566 miles, Frank Hart's 565. 3. No.

S. G., Lowell, Mass.—1. Falsetto won the Travers stakes at Saratoga, N. Y., on July 19, 1879. 2. The distance is one and three-quarter miles. 3. Falsetto's time was 3:00 1-2.

J. W., Boston, Mass.—The fastest running time for a horse for one mile is 1:30 3-4, made by Ten Broeck, 5 years, 110 pounds, against time, at Louisville, Ky., May 24, 1877.

M. S., Baltimore, Md.—1. The referee of a foot race has no jurisdiction over pools or bets. 2. He decides and announces the result of the race but has no further power.

G. H., Staten Island.—"Glimpses of Gotham" is a book full of sketches and illustrations of New York life by night and day. It is published at this office by Richard K. Fox.

W. C., Pottsville, Pa.—1. Robert Coombes was champion oarsman of England from 1846 to 1851. 2. None of the English champion oarsmen were ever Hanlan's equal or superior. 3. No.

S. W., Portland, Me.—1. Edward Hanlan was born in Toronto, Canada. 2. In England he defeated Hawdon and Elliott during his first visit, and Trickett and Laycock during his last visit.

W. S., Bradford, Pa.—The best feat of long-distance riding of which we have any record was made in Italy, when Captain Salvi rode from Bergamo to Naples, nearly 500 miles (English) in ten days.

M. W., Olean, N. Y.—1. Hosmer, the oarsman, is a pedestrian. 2. On Feb. 28, 1879, he won a 50-mile race at Boston, covering the distance in 9h. 49m. 1s. 3. We can furnish you with all kinds of sporting goods.

G. S., New London, Conn.—1. The distance of the Derby Course at Epsom, Eng., in one mile and a half. 2. The Thousand Guinea Course is 1 mile and 17 yards. 3. It would take up more space than we could spare.

FRED WILSON, Detroit, Mich.—Brisk walking, regular bathing, plain diet and 8 pound Indian clubs will greatly assist you. Send for "The American Athlete," it will give you all the information you want. It is published by Richard K. Fox.

POGILIST, Chicago, Ill.—1. Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan fought for \$10,000 and the championship at Still Pond Creek, Maryland, on June 10, 1849. It was a hurricane fight, and Hyer whipped Sullivan in 16 rounds, lasting 17 minutes 16 seconds.

P. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—In the female pedestrian six-day tournament at San Francisco on May 11, 1880, Amy Howard, of New York, won, covering 400 miles; Madame Tobias was second, with 400 miles, and Mile. La Chapelle only covered 244 miles.

BICYCLIST, Bangor, Me.—Keith Falconer, of Cambridge, Eng., has ridden one mile in 2m. 46 3-4 s., which is the fastest amateur bicycle time on record for the distance. 2. J. Keen, of London, Eng., has ridden a mile in 2m. 41s., which is the best on record.

SPARTA, Philadelphia, Pa.—1. Edwin Bibby is the champion Lancashire wrestler of England. 2. He is matched to wrestle Duncan C. Ross and also matched to wrestle Wm. Muldoon. 3. We believe he can throw any man in the world at catch-as-catch-can style.

DINO, Omaha.—1. Peter Croker, the pugilist, resides in this city. 2. He was born in London, England, is a bricklayer by trade, stands 5ft. 6in. in height and weighs 136 pounds. 3. He defeated Martin "Fiddler" Neary at the Sunnyside Hotel, Long Island, Oct. 26, 1871. The fight lasted through 73 rounds, occupying 1 hour and 29 minutes.

AQUATIC, Saratoga, N. Y.—1. Joshua Ward, of Cornwall, N. Y., was the first champion oarsman of America. 2. He is credited with rowing 5 miles in 35m. and 10s., which is the fastest time ever made in a race. 3. Hanlan has rowed 5 miles with a turn in 33m. 26 1-4 s., which was made when Courtney refused to row him at Mayville, N. Y., Oct. 18, 1879.

W. G. S., Louisville, Ky.—Princeton College won the base ball college championship of last year with a record of six victories and two defeats. Brown, Dartmouth, Harvard and Amherst ranking in the above-named order. The Brown University nine had the best batting average, while the Dartmouth College team excelled in fielding, the Princeton being a close second in both departments.

BUSINESS.

FRIEND, San Jose, Cal.—Opium is an old story with us. "Too much for him," Grand Haven, Mich.—Send us pictures of all the parties.

ZEIGLER, Fremont, Ohio.—We can get the whole affair from our exchanges. Send us photos and we will pay.

CONFIDENTIAL, Stamford, Ky.—It is too late for this week and it would be too old for next. We are always happy to see you.

JAS. S. ALTSCHUL, Pine Bluff, Jefferson county, Ark.—We forward your draft to Simpson, Crawford & Simpson. We can vouch for them as being a first-class house.

McCARR, St. Louis.—Thanks for your trouble, but we cannot use your article about "Darkies or Boggars." What we want are photos and sketches. We do not pay for manuscript.

S. F. M., Scranton, Pa.—We do not illustrate murders except they create a big sensation. We do not pay for clippings, as we can get them of our exchanges. If you can send photos or sketches of important affairs we will pay liberally.

SPORTSMAN, Boston.—The POLICE GAZETTE of New York has no connection with any other paper published in America. If you send your subscription to a paper which copies our style and general appearance, in order to deceive the public, it serves you right for your stupidity. All letters, subscriptions and matters intended for the POLICE GAZETTE must be addressed to the publisher, Richard K. Fox, 183 William Street, N. Y.

SPORTING.

The O'Leary Belt, representing the LONG-DISTANCE PEDESTRIAN CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA.

THE THIRD CONTEST

for this elegant trophy, the finest and most expensive ever offered in a contest, and a Grand Sweepstakes, will take place at

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK, Commencing 12:05 A. M., Monday, Feb. 28, and ending at 10:05 P. M., March 5, 1881. Grand Sacred Concert on Sunday Evening, Feb. 27, commencing at 8 o'clock.

ALL THE BEST PEDESTRIANS IN THE COUNTRY HAVE ENTERED.

If Rowell enters, a side bet of \$20,000 will be made between him and Hart, the American Champion.

Billiards! Billiards!—Second Grand Match of Scientific Billiards at Cushman Caroms, Champion Rules, for an increased stake of \$2,000, to be played on a 5x10 Collender table, between Messrs. Jacob Schafer and William Sexton, at Tammany Hall, on Saturday evening, Feb. 26th, 1881—play to commence at 8 o'clock prompt. Admission, 50c. Reserved seats, \$1. Private boxes, holding six persons, \$3. Ladies accompanying gentlemen admitted free.

LOTTERIES.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.—A Splendid Opportunity to Win a Fortune. THIRD GRAND DISTRIBUTION. GLAD C. AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, MARCH 8, 1881—180th Monthly Drawing.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY. This institution was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State for Educational and Charitable purposes in 1883 for the term of Twenty Years, to which contract the inviolable faith of the State is pledged, which pledge has been renewed by an overwhelming popular vote, securing its franchise in the new constitution adopted December 24, A. D. 1879, with a capital of \$1,000,000, to which it has since added a reserve fund of over \$350,000.

ITS GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DISTRIBUTION will take place monthly on the second Tuesday. It never scales or postpones.

Look at the following Distribution: CAPITAL PRIZE, \$50,000. 100,000 TICKETS AT TWO DOLLARS EACH. HALF TICKETS, ONE DOLLAR. LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Capital Prize	\$50,000
1 Capital Prize	10,000
1 Capital Prize	5,000
2 Prizes of \$2,500	5,000
5 Prizes of 1,000	5,000
20 Prizes of 500	10,000
100 Prizes of 100	10,000
200 Prizes of 50	10,000
500 Prizes of 20	10,000
1,000 Prizes of 10	10,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES. 9 Approximation Prizes of \$200. 9 Approximation Prizes of 100. 9 Approximation Prizes of 50.

1,857 Prizes, amounting to \$110,400. Responsible corresponding agents wanted at all points, to whom liberal compensation will be paid.

For further information, write clearly, giving full address. Send orders by express or Registered Letter, or Money Order by mail. Address only to M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La., or M. A. DAUPHIN, at No. 319 Broadway, New York.

All our Grand Extraordinary Drawings are under the supervision and management of GENERALS G. T. BEAUREGARD and JUBAL A. EARLY.

Distributing \$110,400. THE COLORADO STATE LOTTERY. Conducted by

COLORADO LAND AND MINERAL ASSOCIATION. These Drawings, authorized by the Legislature of Colorado of 1877, occur on the 3rd TUESDAY of each month during the year, and are supervised by prominent citizens of the State. It never scales or postpones.

FIFTEENTH MONTHLY DISTRIBUTION, MARCH 15TH, 1881.

1,857 Prizes, total \$110,400; Capitals, \$30,000, \$10,000, \$5,000, etc. 100,000 Tickets, Two (2) Dollars; Half, One (1) Dollar. Apply to A. B. MILLER, Cor. 16th and Holladay sts., Denver, Col.

OUT TO-DAY.

BOYCOTTING!

OR,

Avenging Ireland's Wrongs.

Written by the well-known journalist,

KENWARD PHILIP,

Who has spent years in Ireland, and relates what he has witnessed in that distressed and down-trodden country. The work is illustrated and handsomely printed. No lover of freedom or friend of the "Green Isle of the Sea" should neglect buying this book.

The Trade supplied by The American News Company, New York News Company, National News Company, New York, or any of their branches. Sent by mail on receipt of 28 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,

Cor. William and Spruce sts., New York.

MEDICAL.

Recommended by the Faculty.

TARRANT'S COMPOUND EXTRACT of CUBEBS AND COPAIBA.

This compound is superior to any preparation hitherto invented, combining in a very highly concentrated state the medical properties of the Cubebs and Copaiba. One recommendation this preparation enjoys over all others is its neat, portable form, put up in pots; the mode in which it may be taken is both pleasant and convenient, being in the form of a paste, tasteless, and does not impair the digestion.

Price \$1. Prepared only by TARRANT & COMPANY, Druggists and Chemists, 278 and 280 Greenwich Street, New York. For sale by all Druggists.

Dr. Richard's Restorative Pills are a Specific for Exhausted Nerves, Physical Debility, etc. Approved by the Academy of Medicine and the Medical Celebrities of the world. Price, box of 50, \$1.50; of 100, \$2.75. Are a Purely Vegetable, Sugar-coated Pill. Sent by mail, in sealed box, on receipt of price. DR. RICHARD'S PHARMACY, corner of Broadway and Barclay Street.

Each Box of the Genuine has the imprint of R. L. De Lizer, 23 Beekman St., sole agent for the United States. CAUTION.—A spurious article is advertised as Richard's Restorative. The dose of this imitation is 15 extra large pills per day. By using the genuine, and obnoxious pills in France he speedily cured the public. The Vital Restorative being made here and not from Dr. Richard's formula. R. L. De Lizer.

American Star Soft Capsules. S. C. M. C.—New, best, quickest and surest; \$1 per box, half boxes 50c. All druggists. Note tin die stamped tin box, and wrapper printed in blue.

VICTOR E. MAUGER & PETRIE, 110 Beade Street, New York.

Man's Mission on Earth. A Powerful Medical Treatise, clearly exposing the hidden causes which sap vitality and shorten the duration of life, with hints for the removal of the same, showing how overtaxed powers may be fully restored and obstacles to marriage overcome. By mail 25c, currency or postage stamps. Address Secretary, Museum of Anatomy, Science and Art, 429 6th Avenue, New York City.

Doan's Capsules are fast superseding Cures of Catarrhs of the Bladder and reliable cure for Kidney Complaints, and Diseases of the Urinary Organs. Recount or Chronic. The word Doan's is on every box. Price per box, with full directions, Capsules (small size) 75c. Doan's (large size) \$1.25. At all Drug Stores. Send on receipt of price to J. C. Doan & Co., 35 Wooster St., New York. Circulars free.

A Card. To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc. I will send a receipt that will cure you RAZOR OIL. This remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

Manhood Restored. A victim of early imprudence, nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having in vain every known remedy, has discovered a means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REYNOLDS, 48 Chatham St., N. Y.

Prescription Free, for the speedy cure of Seminal Weakness, Lost Manhood, Premature Debility, Nervousness, Dependence, and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess. Any druggist has the ingredients. Dr. W. S. JAMES, 130 W. Sixth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Allen's Brain Food positively cures Nervous Debility and all weakness of Sexual Organs. Price, \$1. All Druggists. Send for circular to 315 1st Avenue, N. Y.

Electric Belts. Sure cure for Premature Debility; the only reliable. Send for circular. Dr. P. KARR, 832 Broadway, New York.

Seidlitz Seidlitz Powders are as pleasant as Lemonade, 5 cents each. At all Drug Stores. Try one.

Hufeland's Preservative—Price, \$1; circular free. HUFELAND & CO., box 16, Toledo, O.

Patent Police Gazette Binders will be sent to any address in the United States on receipt of \$1.50. Each Binder will contain 4 copies of the latest dates of the POLICE GAZETTE. Back numbers of the GAZETTE can always be obtained by addressing the publisher, RICHARD K. FOX, William and Spruce Streets, New York.

POLICE + GAZETTE'S

PUBLICATIONS

FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES. The handsomest book in America. Contains 30 large Portraits of our most prominent actresses in stage costume. Among them will be found photos of Sara Bernhardt, Pauline Markham, Mabel Santley, Belle Howitt, Jennie Yeaman, and Minnie Palmer. Each portrait is worth more than the price of the book. By mail, 35c.

THE SLANG DICTIONARY of New York, London and Paris. Contains a full and unabridged list of all the slang phrases used by gamblers, thieves and the sporting fraternity. No one who wants to become acquainted with the curious terms used by the class referred to should neglect getting this valuable book. By mail, 25c.

LIFE OF EDWARD HANLAN. America's Champion Oarsman. Gives an account of Hanlan's and Laycock's lives; with Portraits of Courtney, Trickett, Elliott, Ross and other well-known rowers. Amateur oarsmen should read why Hanlan excels other oarsmen. Sent by mail for 25c.

BOYCOTTING; or, Avenging Ireland's Wrongs. Written by the well-known journalist, Kenward Philip. Lovers of freedom and sympathizers with the Land League should read this book, which is beautifully illustrated. Price by mail, 25c.

CHAMPIONS OF THE AMERICAN PRIZE RING. Will be issued March 1st, and will contain Portraits of all the champions, with account of their lives. The only book of its kind ever published in America. Orders should be forwarded at once. By mail, 35c.

GLEANINGS OF GOTHAM—3rd Edition. Containing 16 new and spicy illustrations of New York's Doings by Gaslight. The best and cheapest book ever published; 100,000 copies already sold. Price by mail, 25c.

FISTIANA'S HEROES. Now in press and will be shortly published. "Fistiana's Heroes" will be issued monthly. Each book will be complete, and contain the life and portrait of a noted pugilist. Price, 25c.; by mail, 35c.

SARA BERNHARDT'S PARIS LIFE. With illustrations and Portraits. Price, 35c.

All orders should be addressed to RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, 183 William Street, New York. The Trade supplied by The American News Company, New York News Company and National News Company, New York, or any of their branches throughout the country.

AMUSEMENTS.

Harry Hill's Sporting Gentleman's Theatre, 26 East Houston St. Established 1854. Grand variety sporting programme. Nightly report of all the champions. The comical Dwarf, in their laughable boxing and wrestling match, every night. Sacred Concert every Sunday night. Harry Hill's Resort is the rendezvous of all the champions. Strangers who come to New York should not fail to witness the sporting events that take place nightly, and Harry Hill's Female Boxers and Great Show, at 26 East Houston street.

The European Museum—The Monster Show of America, with more variety and novel attractions than ever before, and double the amount of stage amusements. The only genuine Ghost Mystery in America, attracting thousands of people, and all go away pleased and delighted, and return with their friends. 37 Bowery. Admission, 10c.

New American Museum, 190 Chatham Square. Open from 10 A. M. till 10 P. M. The mammoth Grecian Lady, weighing 621 pounds—the American Bearded Lady—the Beautiful White Moor, and the Circassian Queen. Music by Prof. John Vorst's Full Band. Admission, 10c.

Geophagen's New Summer Garden. Free admission. No. 105 Bowery. Sparring and Wrestling every evening. Ales, Wines, Liquors and Segars. Admission Free.

Matt Grace's Famous New York Sport-House, 12 East Houston street. Best Wines, Liquors and Cigars. The rendezvous of all the leading professionals and sporting men.

London Museum, 103 Bowery—Giants, Hisslers, Fat People and Living Skeletons, Performing Birds, etc.; also a superb stage performance. The Child Wonder, measuring 45 inches around the head. Admission, 10 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NOW READY—THE POLICE GAZETTE, complete for the year 1880, handsomely bound, half calf, in one volume; can be had on receipt of \$7.50 from the Publisher, RICHARD K. FOX, New York.

Printer's Warehouse. James Conner's Sons' United States Type and Electrotype Foundry, 25, 30 and 32 Centre Street, corner Duane and Reade Sts., New York. A large stock of English and German founts, plain and ornamental, kept on hand. All type cast at this establishment is manufactured from the metal known as "Conner's Unequalled Hard Type Metal." Every article necessary for a perfect printing office furnished at short notice. Spanish, Portuguese and French founts furnished, with proper accents. The type on which this paper is printed is from the above-named foundry.

The Great Rowell and O'Leary Pedestrian Race. Come and see Houlman, the Police Gazette's "Unknown" Shoemaker, 184 Bowery, near Spring street. He has now on exhibition all the pedestrians' shoes to be used in the Great International O'Leary Belt Race. Houlman's Shoes, worn by John Hughes, assisted him to make the greatest score on record.

Lynch's Diamond Store, 925 Broadway, near 21st Street. The largest and finest assortment of Diamond Ear-rings, Crosses, Studs, Rings, Pink Pearls, Cat's Eyes, Jewels, Silverware, etc., at 25 per cent. lower than any other house. Send for catalogue.

Photographic Apparatus—Complete, 75c., postpaid (3c. stamps taken); is so simple that any boy or girl can photograph perfectly at once; contains all the necessary chemicals, printing frame, directions, etc.; sure to please. BRILL & CO., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

Photos—Actresses, 5c.; special subjects, 10c. each, 3 for 25c., 75c. per dozen; catalogues of Photos, Choice Books, etc., 3c. N. L. WHITNEY, 67 Jackson Street, Chicago, Ill.

Poker!—If you want to win at cards, send for the Secret Helper. A sure thing. It will beat old sports. Address H. O. BROWN, Salem, N. H.

Peter Dwyer, the Evangelist, will hold meetings on Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 120 Skillman street, near Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn.

50 Chromos name in new type. 10c by mail. 40 Agts. Samples, 10c. U. S. CARD CO., NORTH FORD, CT.

50 Lithographed Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, 10c. Name in fancy type. CONN. CARD CO. NORTH FORD, CT.

72 a week. \$13 a day at home easily made. Outfit free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

25 to \$30 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address, GEO. STINSON & CO., Portland, Me.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

Books, Cards, Photos, etc.—List for stamp. With sample, 10c. GLOBE NEWS DEPOT, Paulsboro, N. J.

Cards, 15c. per pack; 2 packs, 25c.; stamps taken. RICHARDSON & BROWN, Baltimore, Md.

Books, Photos, etc. Sample Catalogue 3c. PARIS BOOK CO., Chicago, Ill.

Photos—Five for 25 cents by mail. Gilbert & Co., North Chatham, N. Y.



ADVANTAGES OF BEAUTY.

DEBUT OF A NEW YORK SOCIETY BELLE—WHAT A PRETTY AND POOR GIRL MAY ACCOMPLISH.